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THE MORAL OF CHERBOURG.

THE bright summer sun is shining on a crowded scene of joy and festivity on the coast of France. Hundreds and thousands of visitors are gathered there from two neighbouring nations, once rivals and enemies, but now long united by the growing bonds of commerce, of intellect, of social intercourse, and, till a short time ago, by similar institutions and equal freedom. There are two Sovereigns, one of whom has proclaimed that his Empire is synonymous with peace, while the other rules over a nation to whose vast commerce peace is the breath of life. There also are priests of that religion which brought peace and goodwill to men, summoned to give their pastoral blessing to the great work the completion of which is the occasion of all these rejoicings. Who would not think that the work inaugurated under these auspices must be a work of beneficence, and of happy import to both the nations whose citizens are assembled together, to both the Sovereigns who meet with all the outward signs of cordial friendship, to all the people of that Christendom whose clergy sanctify the festival with their presence? Who would not suppose that this undertaking, preceded by religious ceremonies and almsgiving, and celebrated with all the pageantry of happiness, was some grand effort of mercy, some great epoch in the march of civilization, some new bond of kindly sympathy between people and people, between man and man? Who could suppose that it was a great work of aggressive war, completed at a lavish expense by one of the two nations whose citizens are mingling and whose flags are floating together at Cherbourg, as a standing menace and a perpetual weapon of offence against the other nation? No, we will not say it is the French nation that menaces England from the ports and harbours of Cherbourg. It is the evil spirit of French military despotism, embodied first in LOUIS QUATORZE and afterwards in NAPOLEON—a spirit from which France herself has suffered even more cruelly than the nations on whose honour and happiness its brigand attacks were made. We believe that the French nation is—and, if its opinion were free, would show itself to be—cordially desirous of peace with all the world. It is the Empire that makes these vast and threatening preparations for an unprovoked war—the Empire which, according to its restorer, "is Peace."

Not that we believe, or have ever said, that LOUIS NAPOLEON has at present any intention of attacking a nation whose only fault, so far as he is concerned, is an excessive and somewhat servile intimacy, compromising our independence in the eyes of the world. It is very possible that at this moment he may not have any warlike intentions whatever—though, we must repeat, the same alarm prevails on the Continent as here, and Belgium, once distinctly marked out for piratical annexation, again trembles, and has been anxiously endeavouring to provide an asylum for her independence at Antwerp. In the accelerated completion of the aggressive sally-port of Cherbourg, in the augmentation of the French fleet and army, and in the various preparatory intrigues which are going on in different countries—and which, if one of our contemporaries is rightly informed, seem to have begun to extend to Ireland—the EMPEROR may be only carrying out in a vague manner his version of the Napoleonic idea, and collecting the means of conquest merely as a magpie collects spoons. It is most probable that it is so. A man of true genius enlightened by noble aspirations would have seen that what are styled the military glories of the First Empire are gone for ever, and that if the Second Empire has a mission, it must be really that of peace. He would have grasped this idea with the decision of first-rate intellect, and, by giving it full effect, would have created for himself a name independent of that of his predecessor, and far more enduring.

But LOUIS NAPOLEON is only a very sly man; and slyness, though it may lay very cunning plots, does not produce grand designs. Instead of taking an original line of his own—reducing his armaments to the standard necessary for defence, relieving the fiscal burdens of his people, sweeping away with a decisive hand international jealousies and suspicions, and endeavouring to reap harvests of gratitude where his uncle's ambition reaped bloody and barren laurels—all he can do is to play his uncle over again when the season is past, to collect enormous means for the aggression which he has renounced, to load his subjects with new war-taxes in the midst of profound tranquillity, to raise vast armies without an object, and worry them with laborious training for speculative Wagrams or Friedlands that are never to be. He repeats and parades the military manifestoes of the General, Consul, and Emperor. He hunts out all the toothless old men in Europe who carried a musket or drove a baggage-wagon under the First NAPOLEON, and decorates them with a piece of sentimental spite in the shape of a St. Helens Medal, when most of them, like the eagle at Boulogne, would much rather have had a sausage. He opens the way, by intrigues all over Europe, for the march of legions which are never to march, and tries to shine, not as a patron of civilization and a master of the arts of government, but as a great artillery officer and a great mover of troops in the reviews of the Champ de Mars. The idea of an Empire which should be Peace did indeed dawn on LOUIS NAPOLEON's mind, but faintly and ineffectually, as such ideas dawn upon such minds. The prospect of a magnificent future opened for a moment before him, but it opened to dull eyes and a narrow heart, and he soon slid back into a bootless repetition of the past. *Pacem duello miscuit.* He knows not how to be the NAPOLEON either of War or Peace.

If the thought hovers before him of being a second NAPOLEON of War, never was thought more vain. The NAPOLEON of War was a fire consuming stubble, and died out when the stubble was consumed. The equestrian statue of the victor of Austerlitz may point from the ramparts of Cherbourg to the path of conquest he once trod, but he stands in a changed France and points to a changed world. Behind him are no longer those fiery crusaders of the Revolution whose enthusiastic valour his Italian cunning turned to the purposes of a vile ambition, and with whose expiring enthusiasm the light of his "star" expired. Before him are no longer the decrepit thrones of the eighteenth century, propped by armies from which all but the pedantic form of military discipline had fled, and surrounded by subjects alienated from their rulers, and seduced beforehand by the principles of liberty and equality in the name of which the invader fought. His armies, even supposing them to be commanded by military capacity equal to his own, would now, instead of careering over decaying and crumbling monarchies, be hurled back by the defensive energy of vigorous and patriot nations—nations which have not yet forgotten what it is to see their homes, their wives, and their national honour at the mercy of a French conqueror. The columns of the first Emperor rushed without a check over dynasties mighty in everything but the affection of their subjects. They were checked and shivered as soon as they encountered a national resistance. Spain and Russia were the graves of the legions which had prostrated Austria at Austerlitz and Prussia at Jena. Germany snapped its bonds like threads the moment the cause of the German sovereigns became the cause of the German people. The Grand Army would now encounter a Baylen, a Borodino, a Leipzig on every frontier; and the tide of vengeance would be rolled back on the aggressor, not from Moscow or Torres Vedras, but from Toulouse and Waterloo. Even England would oppose to a second NAPO-

LEON a resistance more truly national than that to which the first NAPOLEON succumbed. The beneficent changes of half a century of emancipation and reform have passed over us since the master of the flotilla of Boulogne could hope to find in Ireland a nation of rebels, ready to welcome a professed liberator of their race and faith, and even in England herself a party not devoid of sympathy with the Jacobin chief. The British Empire would now meet an assailant with one interest and with a single heart. Queen VICTORIA does not take with her to Cherbourg a naval armament like that which she finds there, nor does she leave a shore protected by fortresses like Cherbourg; but she takes with her the mightiest of armaments, and she leaves behind her the most impregnable of fortresses—the enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism of a great and united people.

We and other journals, the *Times* among the number, have been lectured for saying what everybody feels on this occasion. It seems it would have been wiser and more dignified to speak as though Cherbourg were merely a grand effort of French engineering and a natural defence for the French coast, and as though the festivities to which our QUEEN is now invited were a mere counterpart to those with which LOUIS NAPOLEON has been received here. But we are inclined upon the whole to think that, diplomacy not being the special vocation of the press, it is better that whatever of wisdom there may be in courteous falsehood should be left to ambassadors, and that journalists should speak the truth. The vast fortified harbour of Cherbourg has no other object than that of sheltering a great armament for aggressive purposes, and especially for an attack on England. With this enterprise in view it was planned and commenced, and with the possibility of this enterprise in view it has been hastily completed. Those who are loudest in deprecating any offensive construction of the EMPEROR's proceedings end, like the rest of us, by calling urgently for a stronger Channel Fleet and general measures of protection for our coasts. They tell us it is undignified and discourteous to hint that there is any danger of attack, but that we ought instantly to prepare for defence. If there is no danger of attack, what is the costly preparation of means of defence but a reckless waste of public money? If France had only such fortresses and armaments as we have, it would be foolish and wicked to add to the burdens of the people in order to guard against a peril which would then be a chimera. Cherbourg is a threat, not of immediate, but of ultimate invasion, as the Imperialist and Ultramontanist part of the French press proclaims either with insolent irony or open exultation. To meet this threat, our coasts must be fortified and our navy increased; and for these objects, more taxes must be laid on, and a still larger portion of the fruits of industrial progress must be perverted to the barren purposes of war. But let us at least reap the only benefit which is to be reaped in such a case. Let us understand whence the evil comes, and learn by what we have to endure, that military despotism and the Erastian priesthood which supports it are, not only in rhetoric but in fact, the sources of hatred, bloodshed, and misery to the world.

MISSIONARIES IN SCINDE.

THE Sepoy mutiny has furnished us with one slight set-off against the world of mourning and woe which we owe to it, in bringing to the knowledge and stamping on the recollection of Englishmen at home a number of names which, in more peaceful times, would have rapidly descended into the mitigated oblivion of Indian history. The country has at last learned that the greatest English statesmen of the century have not been "first-rate debaters," or persons who have earned a reputation amid the trickeries of European diplomacy, but men who, with little force and no sympathy to second them, have subdued, tranquillized, organized, or administered immense provinces in which, before their advent, settled society and a regular government were things unknown. The two LAWRENCEES are most conspicuous among the worthies thus at length understood, but certainly the next place must be allotted to MR. FRERE, the Commissioner in Scinde. "MR. FRERE," says the *Quarterly Review*, "has kept from the contagion of rebellion a wild race, "subdued not more by the military genius and undaunted "courage of NAPIER than by his moderation, his justice, and "his humanity." It is rather singular that, besides the fact of MR. FRERE's having rivalled the glory of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE in preserving tranquillity amid a people who

still smarted at every touch of the bonds of government, the one circumstance in his personal history which has been generally canvassed in England is a dispute with some Bombay newspapers, in which he has been involved through the indiscretion of a couple of Missionaries. A little pamphlet, printed at Hyderabad, contains the correspondence which has passed on the subject, and we are not sure that we ever read a story which showed more curiously how the pettinesses of life jostle its sublimities. MR. FRERE saves Scinde, but, before Scinde is quite safe, he has to appeal to the Governor of Bombay in Council against a Bombay scribbler who has misrepresented his religious tendencies. This is most miserable. A RAGLAN fastened on by the *Times* is not an edifying spectacle; but the *Times* represents some knowledge, some genuine public opinion, and much intellectual power. It is only in India that a writer who has not genius enough for the humblest departments of third-rate provincial journalism can goad the great soul of NAPIER to madness, and seriously annoy a FRERE.

In India, where everybody knows everybody else, the piety of the Commissioner of Scinde is matter of common knowledge. This might have saved him from misconstruction when he ventured on one of the plainest acts of duty which ever presented itself to a person entrusted with government. A Mussulman, in March last, called on the Commissioner to complain that the Missionaries were publicly exposing, in Hyderabad, an inscription which conveyed an intentional insult to his religion. The writing, in fact, attempted to prove, out of the Koran itself, that MAHOMET was an impostor. The Commissioner had it removed, but carefully explained to the Missionaries that he took this step on exactly the same grounds of public expediency which would have induced him to suppress a denunciation of the POPE at Limerick, or an exposure of Calvinism in Edinburgh. Whether MR. FRERE, ruling over a fanatical Mahometan population excited by the vicinity of the mutiny and by that strange fury which is just now running through the world of Islam, was justified in the measure he adopted, we shall not insult our readers by discussing. Nor shall we say much as to the defence put forward by the Missionaries, or as to their conduct to MR. FRERE when this defence was considered insufficient—though both, we are sorry to say, remind us unpleasantly of the English religious school to which they doubtless belong. They began by stating that MR. FRERE's Mahometan informant bore a bad character, and that the inscription was not on any outer wall, but inside a shop which they kept for the sale of Testaments. The shop turned out, in fact, to be an open stall in the principal part of the Bazaar of Hyderabad, and the inscription in question was on the fully-exposed back-wall. The plea, therefore, was not a very respectable one; but we are not sure that it was not much more so than their next argument. MR. FRERE had assured them that he would actively protect them in their preaching and their circulation of Christian books; and, as he found that they had inscribed texts of Scripture on the walls of their shop, he told them that, if they confined their inscriptions to direct demonstrations of the truth of Christianity, he would never interfere with such an expedient, even though he might doubt its efficacy or prudence. He objected to nothing except writings which could not possibly convince, and which would act like a wound or a blow on even an insincere Mussulman. One of the Missionaries replied by averring that Christianity differed from all other religions, not only in being true, but in being exclusive. It was impossible, therefore, publicly to proclaim the truth of Christianity without at the same time proclaiming with equal publicity the falsity of any religion which might happen to compete with it. Surely the inability of proselytizing bodies to perceive that, though persuasion may make converts, confutation never yet made one, is one of the most wonderful phenomena of human nature.

The protests of the Missionaries, the proceedings of the public meetings which they summoned, and the articles of the Bombay press, have little interest compared with the admirable letters in which the Commissioner temperately answered his various calumniators. Some of his remarks go to the root of the misapprehensions and miscalculations which lead well-meaning men into the indiscretion committed at Hyderabad. "In considering," he writes in one place, "the effects of such experiments on the fanatical feelings of an Indian population, it seems to me that Missionaries make a great mistake in judging of what Saints and "Martyrs did or do elsewhere under Pagan or anti-Christian

"Governments. In such cases the preacher of the Gospel risked simply his own life or liberty. His act involved no risk to the fabric of Civil Government. In this country, the Missionary knows that if violence is offered to him, he will be protected by the whole power of the British Government, and, should that fail to be sufficient, that the result involves the destruction of the only regular and tolerant Civil Government which has been possible in India for centuries. Surely these are considerations which might make the most zealous Missionary pause before he despises the warnings of a Christian civil magistrate as to possible danger to the public peace. You say that you have repeatedly, during the last six years, made similar experiments and found them not dangerous. But I need hardly remind you how many things have been dangerous for Englishmen to do in other parts of India during the past twelve months, which before were perfectly free from risk, and how many provinces are still devastated by civil war in which the most potent means of rousing the ignorant multitudes was a perfectly false assertion that Government meant forcibly to interfere with their religion."

One of the delusions abroad as to India is an impression that, because the Indian Government is despotic, it is therefore omnipresent and all-efficient. The clergymen who last autumn bade us not be ashamed of our Christianity were evidently persuaded that, putting periods of revolt aside, the Court of Directors and the GOVERNOR-GENERAL could enforce obedience to every command which they might choose to issue. Nobody who has properly comprehended what a handful at best are the English in India could possibly entertain such a notion. The fact is that, more than any other Government in the world, the English Government in India depends for its existence on the fewness of the functions which it has to exercise. It is essentially a Government of Routine, and it is precisely because the life of the immense majority of Hindoos is nothing else than Routine that a few thousand Englishmen can rule them. Wars and annexations, even mutinies and revolts, disturb but little this prodigious immobility; but let a strong wind once seriously stir the stagnant pool, and the little bark of Anglo-Indian Executive must founder. The surest way of putting an end to our Government would be to give it just a very little more to do—just a few functions more to exercise. If it had any society to control more active than that which now occupies India, it would be destroyed by the physical impossibility of its coping with an undertaking too extensive for its scanty means. This simple truth must determine our policy, both civil and religious. We have not the power, even if we had the will, to convert the country by force. Nay, we could not possibly permit such a system of free proselytism as that for which the Hyderabad Missionaries contend. They demand that every sect should be allowed not only to proselytize to its own faith, but to insult and attack the creeds to which it is opposed. But they forget that our Government only exists by prohibiting the various Indian sects from outraging each other. We can preserve equilibrium between them, but it is more than doubtful whether we could allow it to be even slightly disturbed. The Mahometans are naturally a proselytizing and persecuting sect. So are the Sikhs. So are the Hindoos wherever (as in the Mahratta States) they have the ascendancy. The principle maintained by the Missionaries would require that liberty to outrage the customs and creed of their rivals should be extended to the zealots of all these religions. If it were necessary to apply this principle, the Empire must go. Nothing could save it from being engulfed in the confusion which would follow, for we have not in India anything distantly resembling the machinery for governing a society agitated by religious passions. Some people seem indeed to suppose that the Indian sects have lost all energy, and are only strong in passive resistance. But Mr. FRERE affirms the contrary:—"Questions affecting the right of religious toleration arise oftener than may be imagined, and could not be settled without some clearly-defined principle to go upon. I could, if necessary, give several instances to prove that severe measures are sometimes needed to prevent Mahometans and Hindoos from tyrannizing over each other, and attempting public demonstrations calculated to rouse fanaticism and lead to a breach of the peace. The necessary repressive measures are always applied with impartial severity to both parties, and their justice and necessity is in the end acquiesced in, which would not be the case if we ourselves permitted our own people to infringe the rules we laid down to others."

We ought not to quote Mr. FRERE's opinions without

stating that in his judgment the Sepoy revolt is not in any way attributable to the activity of Christian Missionaries. He takes, we are happy to say, the view we have always subscribed to—that good nearly unalloyed with evil may be looked for from Missionary exertions if they are continued with the caution hitherto observed, and if no suspicion of Government influence attends them. His, therefore, is a great and weighty authority to oppose to the fears expressed by Lord ELLENBOROUGH in the new Blue-book on Indian Education. But if one thing could, more than another, give the advantage to Lord ELLENBOROUGH and those who think with him, it would be extravagant proceedings and pretensions like those of the Missionaries at Hyderabad. "You say," writes Mr. FRERE to one of them, "it has been shown that missionary efforts have had nothing to do with causing the present mutiny. But you must be aware that no single proclamation of the rebels has yet been published which has not dwelt on the efforts to convert the natives to Christianity as affording the most powerful incentives to rebellion. You must be aware that a very large and influential party in England believes that missionary efforts had been a primary cause of the disaffection of the natives, and I leave you to judge how far your conduct in this present matter strengthens the arguments. I, for one, have always used to prove that the belief of that party is unfounded, and that, as long as Government makes no use of its power to secure converts, no danger need be apprehended to the public peace from the labours of Missionaries."

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

IN the House of Lords, where the clap-traps of the day are not always acceptable, Lord CAMPBELL sometimes consults the taste of his audience by propounding an unpopular truth. He was perfectly justified in asserting the other day that the House of Commons has gone mad—unless, indeed, it rather affects a convenient madness—on the subject of Competitive Examination. Members of Parliament, Peers, and Ministers of State still owe their pre-eminence to birth, to fortune, to sagacity developed by experience of the world, and not unfrequently to a judicious pliability of character and opinion; but it has been suddenly discovered or divined, that in the distribution of subordinate functions, no circumstance ought to be taken into consideration except the scholastic attainments which may be producible from the age of seventeen to twenty. The new doctrine is preached with all the intolerant dogmatism which generally belongs to a theory wholly unsupported by experiment, and directly opposed to all analogy and precedent; and its votaries uniformly confuse success in procuring the adoption of their system with practical proof of its efficiency and utility. There has not been time for the production of an Indian statesman since the abolition of Haileybury, and in the civil service at home the prudent scepticism of heads of departments has hitherto kept the competitive missionaries at bay; yet the advocates of the system sound their trumpets when they have scarcely put on their armour, and the servile herd which always follows apparent success believes that so loud a note of triumph is a sufficient proof of a decisive victory. The House of Commons, during the last India debate of the session, applauded Lord STANLEY's strange declaration of an exulting hope that competition would prove itself eventually stronger than all Governments, than all Parliaments—in other words, than all the securities for freedom which make up the British Constitution. The unthinking mob of members forgot that they had recently secured a preference, in the disposal of certain appointments, to the sons of Indian functionaries, and they never considered that one of the principal influences which prevail in society consists in the bearing of the merit and connexion of parents on the establishment of their children in life. No advocate of unlimited competition has yet attempted to explain why public employments should be distributed by a rule entirely unknown in all other trades and professions. It is a conclusion of faith and not of reason that every Government clerk and ensign of Foot ought to have proved himself in his boyhood a little Triton among the minnows. The application of the theory to the Indian Civil Service was recommended by some plausible considerations. Writerships were habitually regarded as prizes, and the functions of Indian administrators afford room for the exercise of abilities which may possibly be brought out in competition for a considerable appointment. But, whatever may be the case in the Indian Civil Service and the scientific branches of the army, it is absurd to suppose that able candidates will be found

to struggle for the commission of a regimental officer; and the patrons of the system admit that the nominal competition for medical situations has utterly broken down, from the excess of vacancies over applicants for employment. An omnibus proprietor who insisted on confining his purchases to the winners of cocktail races would scarcely be more capricious than the devotees of comparative excellence in mediocrity.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM has, in the course of his distinguished career, given way to a generous enthusiasm for many theories and practices which have from time to time promised a superficial popularity. No orator is more capable of adorning a theme which may have been originally put forth with less skilful decorations; but his apotheosis of a subaltern selected by competition borders on the absurd by the contrasts which it suggests. "Open competition," he said in the recent debate, "brings the man before you; and what are his claims 'when he does present himself? In the first place he brings 'with him the assurance that he is a man of industrious 'habits. He also affords some guarantee that he is a man 'of great self-control—that his life has been spent in 'virtuous pursuits—inasmuch as his attainments point out a 'preference for mental as contrasted with sensuous enjoyments. Then what is the ennobling spirit of his life? 'Ambition. A desire for honourable fame. A desire to 'win the favour and admiration of his friends, and even-'tually to contribute to the support of his aged parents. 'Such are the moral qualities which the principle of open 'competition will secure, and upon these grounds I prefer 'that principle deliberately to patronage, with all its 'corrupting influences." "You have convinced me," said Rasselias to Imlac, "that it is impossible to be a poet." Sir JAMES GRAHAM must have suggested to his cooler hearers in the House of Commons that it is barely possible to be a lieutenant. A boy of eighteen of industrious habits, of great self-control, not yet having sown his wild oats inasmuch as his life has been spent in virtuous pursuits, looking down with serene contempt on the sensuous enjoyments which contrast with his mental occupations, ennobled by a desire for honourable fame, softened by a determination to provide for his aged parents—such a Phoenix ought rather to be put in training to become a bishop than relegated to a marching regiment, where he will perhaps be irreverently regarded as a prig. The scarlet coat which was once supposed to attract unfeudled candidates for glory should be exchanged for a cheap and sober grey when the army is officered by the saintly philosophers who are to be generated by competition.

It is not surprising that the examination fanatics should be comparatively indifferent to the education of civil and military functionaries. Every man who has formerly passed through a school or a college knows that the continuous training, the indirect influences of a society of students, the habit of discipline, and the unconscious development of the faculties, produced a more important and lasting effect than special study or instruction; nor is there a more thorough abuse of terms than the modern application of the title "University" to an isolated Board of periodical examiners. The wanton destruction of Haileybury may not improbably be followed by the sacrifice of Addiscombe, in order that a purely arbitrary scheme of universal competition may be substituted for a rational selection of candidates according to their various qualifications. The pedantic wiseacres who have deduced the expediency of a Chinese hierarchy from the success of Cambridge fellowship examinations, leave entirely out of sight the beneficial effects of an emulation which can never arise among strangers crammed in separate localities for an occasional prize show. Students at Addiscombe learn, as in all similar institutions, to test their own acquisitions, to appreciate their successful rivals, and to estimate with approximate correctness the extent and limits of their own capacity. Those who display the highest scientific ability are selected for the arms of the service in which applied science is necessary; and the majority, before they join the regiments of the line, have received the education which is most proper for a soldier. There is too much reason to fear that the mania for competition, after subduing Governments and Constitutions, may absorb true military training within its destructive range. Unless a reaction takes place in favour of common sense, there will be a certain satisfaction in witnessing the inevitable effect of the theory on the class in which it finds its most officious supporters. Sooner or later it may be discovered that peerages and seats in Parliament have not been acquired by the process which is to supersede all other claims to influence or to promotion.

A Government constructed on the fashionable principle would certainly include Sir G. C. LEWIS and Mr. GLADSTONE, and it might possibly leave an opening for Lord STANLEY himself; but, with these exceptions, the statesmen who hold the highest place in popular estimation would under the competitive system be forced to make room for schoolmasters and college tutors.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH, in urging the claims of the educated classes to employment in the Indian service, clashes unnecessarily with popular prejudices and sentiments which could not fail to find utterance in the House of Commons. There is no advantage in contrasting the gentry with those members of the trading community who might be induced by an honourable ambition to compete for civil or military appointments. The son of a grocer or a farmer, if he has received the training of a gentleman, will do his duty as efficiently as the cadet of any landed family. It is highly inexpedient to delude the dominant ten-pound householders into the belief that their pride or their interests are concerned in the establishment of the new-fangled system of official nomination; for the upper portion of the middle class would soon lose any advantage which it was supposed to claim as a rightful privilege. Lord DERRY and the House of Lords have done their best to resist the irrational zeal of Lord STANLEY and the House of Commons, but the new religion has secured a considerable advance. Ordinary commissions may, for the present, be bestowed according to the principles which have prevailed in all countries from the first institution of standing armies; but it is certain that if the present cant continues for a few years to be popular, the insignia of a military mandarin of the ninth class will be appropriated as a reward to the most skilful practitioner of compound division, or to the least stammering translator of *Telemaque* and *Cornelius Nepos*. If, in the mean time, Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN or Lord STANLEY would kindly publish some popular exposition of the grounds of their common creed, they would confer a favour on sceptical minds which find a difficulty in accepting a new and mysterious revelation.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE boldest and perhaps the greatest engineering work that ever was attempted has been successfully completed. The Atlantic Telegraph Cable is laid, and the Old and New Worlds are brought into instantaneous communication. No enterprise ever commanded so universal a sympathy as this has done, and no triumph ever deserved to be hailed with so genuine a feeling of satisfaction. The previous failures had so stimulated the interest of the public, that this last venture was watched with all the anxiety with which a spectator looks for the issue of a forlorn hope. No one expected success, and the announcement is doubly welcome on account of the fears which had with so much reason been entertained. The very moment was peculiarly happy. Just when France is inaugurating one of the greatest works of military engineering which the world has seen, England and America have shaken hands over the success of a greater and incomparably nobler enterprise. It would have been most unfortunate if the same day had announced the completion of the threatening arsenal of Cherbourg, and the failure of the attempt to join Europe and America in closer bonds of union. Happily the triumph of warlike engineering is eclipsed by the success of our own pacific undertaking. Little is yet known of the details of the *Agamemnon*'s voyage; but the meagre information of the telegrams already published seems to show that the victory over natural obstacles was not won without formidable risks. The courage of the Directors in making their last happy venture cannot well be exaggerated. To say nothing of the ominous issue of their preliminary trials, they had failed three times in their first serious attempt this year, after all the experience they had gained from the accident of the previous summer. On the most favourable calculation the chances were ten to one against them, and the stake was practically the existence of a Company whose capital amounted to nearly half a million. With the same cable that had disappointed them so often, without any change in the machinery which had been used in their unsuccessful trials, they boldly put to sea again to tempt the same dangers which had hitherto defeated all their efforts. Twice in the course of the voyage the hope of saving the cable was almost abandoned—once apparently from some defect in the machinery, and once from the violence of the weather. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were staked upon the strength of a wire no thicker than a man's

thumb, which was heaving and straining with every pitch of a huge man-of-war, till it seemed that only a miracle could prevent a fracture. We cannot call to mind any example of commercial enterprise which comes up to the audacity of this splendid achievement; but the object was worthy of the risk, and the triumphant result has justified the boldness of the Directors.

It is not only the Company who are to be congratulated on this success. If the last attempt had issued in another mishap, years must have elapsed before public confidence would have been restored to enterprises of this kind. Enough, indeed, had been done to show that a line across the Atlantic was a possibility; but it would have been long before capital would have been forthcoming for another attempt at so desperate an undertaking as it would then have seemed. As it was, it must have been a touch-and-go affair; but with the knowledge which has now been acquired it will not be necessary to repeat the risk. Improvements in the quality of the cable, and in the appliances for laying it, may be expected to reduce the dangers of any future attempt within a moderate compass; and perhaps, before many years, England and America will be joined by telegraphic wires numerous enough to guard against the possibility of interruption to the communication, and sufficient to carry on all the intercourse which is required for our commercial and political interests. It is pretty certain that we shall not long be satisfied with a single line. We do not know how far the electricians of the Company may develop the power of rapid signalling through a wire of 2300 miles; but unless some great improvements are effected, it is not likely that more than a hundred short messages each way will ever be transmitted in a day. After making allowance for the requirements of the two Governments, who, in return for their subsidies, will take precedence over private individuals, the accommodation for the press and the public will be altogether inadequate; and probably the next thing that we shall hear of the Company will be that they are thinking of laying additional lines across the Atlantic. After what has now been done, telegraphic enterprise may be expected to advance with rapid strides; and it is almost beyond a doubt that every corner of the globe will in course of time be brought into the great system of communication. There is not a spot on the face of the earth that cannot be reached with much less difficulty than has been successfully encountered by the Atlantic Company. To stretch a wire to Australia would be child's play after crossing the stormy deeps of the Atlantic. One at least of the Indian Telegraphs will in all probability be laid before the end of the present year, and when this is done there will not be a single wire in the whole network that must encompass the world which may not be laid with comparative ease. This is a grand prospect, and the perseverance and courage of the Atlantic Telegraph Company have probably brought it nearer to us by many years.

It is curious to speculate on the effects which may be produced by these new facilities of communication between distant regions. They may not, as some sanguine philanthropists imagine, establish a reign of universal concord and brotherhood, but even on the lowest estimate of their importance we may be sure that one of the most prolific sources of dispute will be almost dried up. When you can have an explanation in five minutes with any Government in the world, there ought to be no such thing as a misunderstanding. If quarrels arise henceforth, it will not be, as it often has been, by mistake. Such complications as were threatened by the recent excitement of the Americans about our proceedings in the Gulf of Mexico will be impossible, and the most patriotic of Presidents will be unable to strengthen his position at home by getting up a sham quarrel with Great Britain on pretences which the next advices are sure to explode. Another certain consequence of the rapidity of communication will be the introduction of greater certainty into commercial operations. A glut will be checked, or a void supplied, a fortnight earlier than it could be without the telegraph, and the operations of merchants will follow the daily fluctuations of the markets with an exactness that will incalculably diminish the risk of mercantile transactions. Thus the success which has attended the most venturesome speculation ever projected will reduce to their minimum the ordinary risks of trade. Whatever diminishes risk reduces cost, and both countries will gain a substantial advantage in the price of their imports by the facilities which are now available for determining the right time at which to make a shipment, and the particular commodities which are at any moment in demand.

The importance of the great fact that the Telegraph is laid is too absorbing to allow of much discussion at present of the particulars of the expedition, so far as they are yet known. The engineers seem to have shown more nerve than on former occasions; and, notwithstanding unfavourable weather, the ships were pressed on at a speed much greater than was ventured on in the former voyages. The amount of waste, too, though considerable, is less than might have been expected. The whole distance from Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, to Valentia, is about 1650 nautical miles, and this has been covered by 2022 miles of cable. The slack, therefore, is just 372 miles, or about 22½ per cent. With a cable of so great specific gravity as that which has been laid, and with the inelastic apparatus employed for paying it out, this must be regarded as a satisfactory result, though there seems to be no reason why the waste should not be reduced to 10 per cent. on any future occasion. But a first attempt cannot be expected to be quite perfect in every detail; and if the Company have lost a hundred thousand pounds or so in their abortive expeditions, and twenty thousand more than was necessary by waste of cable, this is, after all, a small matter to put into the scale against the success which they have well deserved and happily attained.

THE POLITICAL ARMISTICE.

THE session is over, and the shades of the recess have closed upon the scene of political warfare. The Government sleeps on the field of battle, and that—whatever may have been the vicissitudes of the combat—must be recognised by the laws of war as the badge of victory. We concur with the writer of the able and impartial review in the *Times*, that the events of the session of 1858 have been stormy and unexpected beyond all previous examples of Parliamentary fortune. Nevertheless, we do not feel called upon to share the unbounded astonishment which prevails in some quarters at the total and, as it would seem, final collapse of the Palmerstonian *régime*. At the commencement of the session we ventured to remark that the spirit in which the late Government was constructed, and the principles on which it was carried on, were not such as were likely to conciliate or to secure the confidence of Parliament. Entertaining, as we did, a profound conviction that the Administration of Lord PALMERSTON, even when its weakness was least suspected, was far advanced in a rapid decline, we never doubted that the blow under which it fell at last was irretrievable and decisive. Every attempt to repair the disaster has only revealed in a more signal light the demoralization which has followed upon defeat, till at length even the most obstinate and loyal adherents of the dethroned dynasty are fain to confess the hopelessness of the pretensions which they were the last to abandon. Our great contemporary had identified itself in so particular, and almost personal, a manner with the political fortunes of Lord PALMERSTON, that we cannot be surprised that it should have been the last to acknowledge the finality of a disaster which struck hardly less at its own supremacy than at that of the politician to whose interests it was so blindly wedded. But even the *Times* has at length discovered the impossibility of fighting any longer a losing game against the obstinate indifference of public opinion. The session of 1858 has been rich in warnings to every class of men who take any part in political affairs; and the *Times* has received a lesson which it will probably not soon forget, that the personal and partisan advocacy of a particular statesman does not tend to strengthen the influence of a journal whose authority must depend on the belief which is entertained of its independence and impartiality. So far from being jealous of the weight which the leading journal is capable of exercising when its great resources are judiciously directed, we hail with satisfaction the recent symptoms of a disposition to retrieve the signal imprudences that have marred the usefulness of a power which must always be considerable, and which might be rendered of the highest public service.

The influence of the press is a consideration which at this moment is forced upon our attention with peculiar urgency. By one of the many anomalies which characterize our political system, the Government, which for the last few months has been an obedient and almost servile instrument in the hands of Parliament, will be for the next half year the absolute master of itself and of the country. With the exception of the check of public opinion as conveyed

through the press, Ministers will be temporarily invested with absolute power. How a Government may, by a fatal blindness, be hurried to its own destruction in the plenitude of such a power, we may learn from the example of the late Administration. Perhaps if the leading journal, instead of flattering Lord PALMERSTON to the top of his bent, in the time of his prosperity, by defending his unpopular measures and palliating his unjustifiable appointments, had counselled and admonished him, it might have done something to save its *prestige* from a mortifying defeat, and the country from the confusion of a political crisis. It is not very likely, however, that the vice of excessive adulation is about to be immediately repeated, and we may therefore hope that, though the Government has escaped from the discipline of Parliament, it will at least be controlled by the fair and *bonâ fide* criticism of an independent press.

With the lesson of the last six months before our eyes, it would be both rash and idle to attempt to forecast the fortunes of the coming session. One thing, however, is abundantly clear—that the system by which the existence of Lord DERBY's Government has been prolonged since its accession to office is not that on which any Government can be permanently conducted. Like a woman, it has abused the privilege of its weakness. Its supporters have excused its shortcomings from a fear that its frail tenure of existence should be suddenly cut short, whilst its enemies have tolerated its continuance from a belief that they had its life in their hands. But these resources must be soon exhausted. The Tories will not long continue to sustain an Administration which outrages all their convictions and reverses all their policy. For the moment, the unexpected success of a Cabinet nominally Conservative has flattered them into acquiescing in a species of tactics abhorrent to all their traditions. But in the long run—as experience has shown over and over again—the real Tory party care a great deal more for their principles than for their leaders; and it is not likely that they will grant to Mr. DISRAELI the license they refused to Sir ROBERT PEEL. Nothing is more certain than that the murmurs which have been already heard from the back of the Treasury benches will swell into a chorus of resentment if an attempt should ever be made to realize half the promises by which it has been sought to amuse and pacify the Liberals. The Tories, perhaps, speaking generally, trouble themselves a good deal less than the Whigs about the prize of office. At all events, we feel a strong conviction that the country gentlemen who have been so graphically painted by Mr. DISRAELI will not consent, at once and for ever, to forego all their cherished prejudices for the sole object of securing to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and some two dozen other gentlemen the advantages and emoluments of place. We should strongly recommend Lord DERBY's Cabinet to consider their position from this point of view when they come to discuss the Reform Bill which Mr. DISRAELI has pledged himself to produce. For our part, we confess that our expectations are not sanguine of the merits of a great measure of constitutional change which sets out avowedly as a "dodge." The leader of the House of Commons hopes to gain the assent of one side to a scheme which will satisfy the extreme requirements of the Liberals, and, at the same time, to retain the support of his own party for a policy which he would have them believe is essentially Conservative. We are, therefore, to have one of those delightful compendiums in which patentees delight, which is to act at once as a Liberal spear and a Tory shield. The misfortune that befalls these clever and ingenious pieces of mechanism is that they never answer either of the uses which they are supposed to combine. The Liberals will inevitably find their spear very blunt, and the Tories will discover that their shield is very penetrable. The celebrated constituency clauses of India Bill No. 2 furnish probably a pretty exact type both of the spirit in which a Derbyite Reform Bill is likely to be conceived, and of the success which may be expected to attend its development.

But if the Ministerial supporters are not likely to continue as submissive as they have thus far shown themselves, it is certain that the Opposition cannot long remain acquiescent. The key to a great part of the secret history of the session which has just closed is to be found in the deep-rooted hostility of almost all the leading Liberal politicians to Lord PALMERSTON. It is needless now to go back upon a story which belongs to the past. The *Economist* has, however, probably touched the right solution of what seems most anomalous in our recent political annals, when it attri-

butes the singular disunion of the Liberal party to "the 'demoralizing influence produced on the House of Commons 'by its inability to find a strong Ministry or strong Ministers in whom to trust." And the same journal appears to us to describe with equal justice the extreme and unwholesome jealousy with which the executive Government is regarded, as "the natural consequence of the reaction 'produced by the belief that a fuller confidence had been 'misplaced." But, with the virtual extinction (which is now universally allowed) of the Palmerstonian pretensions, a great deal of the personal bitterness which has been engendered by recent events will, as a matter of course, die out. The "forlorn spectacle" so graphically described by Mr. Fox at Oldham, of the ex-PREMIEUR "sitting with the poor rump 'of his own Administration, all independent men keeping 'aloof from him," is more calculated to excite commiseration than animosity; but it shows how hopeless is the prospect of his ever recovering the influence he has lost. The fact that discussions on a Reform Bill may be expected to form the principal occupation of the approaching session, renders it probable that Lord JOHN RUSSELL may take a prominent part on the Opposition benches. It remains to be seen, however, how much he has learnt and forgotten in the protracted period of his political exile; and in any case, his past treachery and illiberality must render difficult, if not impossible, his restoration to a position which he so deservedly forfeited. That the session of 1859 will witness the reconstruction and consolidation of the Liberal party, it is impossible to doubt; but it is out of the question to suppose that either Lord JOHN RUSSELL or Lord PALMERSTON will ever again be implicitly trusted as their exclusive leaders by supporters whose confidence they have alienated, and whose cause they have betrayed.

NEW MORALITY.

IF an optimist of the last century could return to life, few things would probably astonish him more in this best of all possible worlds than the sentiment and language which prevail on public matters in the United States. In the mouths of old Whigs may sometimes still be heard the proposition that a Republic is a school of public virtue; but the commonplace of the Foxite has become the paradox of the Palmerstonian, for there is no known community which has so ostentatiously disavowed public virtue as the only considerable Republic now existing. There are doubtless virtuous public men in the United States, and, for all we know, a speech may now and then be delivered, or an article written, in which principle and duty may not happen to be contumeliously scouted; but, on the whole, the model Republican of the present day may justly be described as openly professing the very same rules of conduct which were recommended to the model "Prince" by the Florentine publicist. The frightful and unique characteristic of this political cynicism is its apparent universality. No voice seems to be raised against it, unless it be here and there the protest of some crotchety malcontent. So far as we recollect, there has never been anything like it in this country. England has done things quite as indefensible as any that have been perpetrated or contemplated by the Americans; but as soon as the bearings of an iniquitous measure have been understood by the country, there has never been wanting a cry of indignation against it, proceeding probably, in most cases, from a numerical majority of the people. Indeed it is very remarkable that the heads of the indictment preferred against England by nations jealous of her power rest invariably on English authority, and are taken out of the mouths of vociferous English witnesses; nor is it ever necessary to appeal to the conscience of the world against the callous indifference of the alleged criminal. And, in such matters, talking immorally is a much worse symptom than acting immorally. A great act of public policy is occasionally recommended by complex considerations which disguise its real character; but nobody can work himself into the belief that abstract maxims of wrong are the same thing as abstract maxims of right. A Southerner who advocates Filibustering, and a Northerner who contends for the extension of Slavery, must be perfectly well aware that they argue for principles which, applied to their private conduct, would take them far on the road to the penitentiary or the gallows.

A discussion has arisen in the United States as to whether, in organizing a system for supplying free labour to the Antilles, France intends covertly to revive the Slave-trade.

Of course she does, exclaims the most respectable, and (on the whole) the least immoral of the New York journals. She knows that England and the United States are quite insincere in their professed abhorrence of the traffic. We Americans would, on the whole, rather like to see it relieved from impediments; for the South wants cheap negroes, and the North does not wish that Cuba, which it means to annex, should be impoverished by a deficiency of labour. As for England, having abolished slavery in her West India Islands, she merely desires to protect her ruined colonists from the competition of slave-holding communities. Now, Americans know their own motives best, but few assertions could be falser than that hazarded respecting England. Even the *Times*, which is the most hostile English witness an opponent of slavery could summon, would admit that, in its detestation of slavery and the slave-trade, the English public, however deluded, is at all events sincere. England cares not one atom for the West Indians, who, now that they have lost their rotten boroughs, constitute one of the feeblest of British interests. The motives which guide her come as near as national motives can possibly come to pure disinterested hatred of wrong; and if she errs in the matter, she errs in the same sense as the Knight of La Mancha, who, whatever he was, was certainly not a humbug. It is the more necessary to impress on the Americans what all Englishmen know to be the truth, because the next step to persuading themselves that this country has no genuine feeling on the subject of slavery will evidently be an attempt to get up a belief that it has no genuine feeling on the subject of filibustering. The New York newspapers quote with applause the statement of the *Times* that Cuba would become a much better market if it became an American State, and that England would therefore view its annexation without apprehension and without regret. But England, whatever the *Times* may say, is not foolish enough to suppose that the better market she would gain through the incorporation of Cuba with the United States would compensate her for the injury which so signal a violation of public law would inflict on her own interests and those of the whole world. There is no reason, or sham reason, which the Americans could advance to excuse their seizure of Cuba which would not be available next moment to excuse a seizure of Canada. And, as for the acquisition of a more profitable market, free trade with Golconda or Eldorado itself would, even as a matter of money, be dearly purchased by our acquiescence in a public act which would overthrow the principles which are the basis of the international system and the sole ultimate guarantee of peace.

If an English writer cannot do much to shame American reasoners into decency, he might at least not affect to be convinced by their sophisms. Some portion of the American press has almost persuaded itself to believe in its own arguments since it found that they were echoed and enforced by the most powerful of English newspapers. The language of the *Times* on all diplomatic questions in which the United States are involved is exceedingly peculiar. It would almost seem as if the writer had himself visited the States, and had been so impressed with the determination of the people to have their own way on certain points of policy that he despaired of effectual resistance on the part of his own country or any other. If so, this is only another instance of the deceptive influence of too great proximity. Some distance is perhaps necessary to let the observer see that, as that untempered Transatlantic colossus staggers forward, its feet of clay are cracking and breaking at every step. It is at least the sensation of weakness as much as the consciousness of strength which drives the American Republic to make haste to appropriate new territory and to hurry into diplomatic quarrels. The ultimate reason why filibustering is popular in the South is its usefulness as the process by which the raw material of new Slave States is obtained—the ultimate reason why British outrages excite such a fervour of indignation in the North is the anxiety of all parties to raise a dust which may hide dangerous domestic issues. It is true that we may, and that most of us in England practically do, overrate the difficulties involved in the American Slave question. But, though these difficulties may be exaggerated, they really exist; and they are certainly the secret of that restlessness which sometimes chooses to baptize itself *Manifest Destiny*. If they should eventually prove too much for the solidity of the Union, there is an end of course to American aggressiveness; and if they are successfully overcome, the result will be precisely the same, for the Americans were not an encroaching people before the irritation of Slavery

began to trouble them, nor are they likely to continue their encroachments after it is calmed down and allayed. Until one or other contingency happens, every question which arises with the United States should be dealt with on the principles applicable to similar controversies with other nations. We should be worse than foolish if we let ourselves be imposed on by pretensions which are suggested to the Americans by their own private embarrassments, and if, falling in with language which neither religion nor philosophy nor common-sense sanctions, we were to allow that they are manifestly destined to have what does not belong to them.

A PARLIAMENTARY FREE-AND-EASY.

DID the gentle reader ever see a London coach-horse turned into a clover field after the close of the season? The noble animal's delight is expressed in antics and gestures more true to nature than to the proprieties of the *manège*. He snorts, and kicks up his heels, and lashes out, and prances, and rolls, and neighs, and in the first half-hour of freedom makes up for the six months of dreary Macadam, the tedious round of calls, and the still more tedious hours of midnight operas and parties. Her MAJESTY's Ministers, and Her MAJESTY's faithful Commons have just got rid of their sessional bits and breeching. They are kicking and curveting in the first hour of freedom and idleness. As befits his place—and certainly as suits his natural temperament—Lord DERBY is the first to enter into the genial fun of a thorough holiday. On Wednesday he had to receive a deputation of Irish noblemen and gentlemen, who came to blarney him to do a little job, to the tune of 152,000*l.*, for the benefit of Transatlantic Steam Navigation in general, of the town of Galway in particular, and of an enterprising Mr. LEVER in special. Most cleverly and characteristically did the PREMIER deal with the deputation. He was the exact reverse of his predecessor, whose careless and ignorant flippancy in receiving deputations was one, and not the least important, cause of his downfall. Lord DERBY was thoroughly master of his subject, had evidently got it up with commendable industry, and was *au fait* at every weak point of the case. But what we most admire is the manner of the man. He had been cheated out of the first day of the holidays, but still he was not going to put on his school cap and gown. He was in his shooting-jacket, and talked accordingly. He met blarney with chaff, joked the several spokesmen from Galway, poked fun at the deputation all round, laughed at the wit he caused and the wit he uttered, was profuse in promising nothing, and finally shouldered the whole responsibility on his solemn friend the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who was of course much too wise and dignified to air his gravity in such a rollicking company. We can quite judge of the immeasurable funniness of the whole proceeding, when we find that at length the reverend Mr. DALY was so encouraged by the PREMIER's genial relish for nonsense that he actually offered to pledge his personal security to the imperial Exchequer for the trifling loan of 152,000*l.* "But to speak seriously, gentlemen," as the PREMIER remarked after one of his most screaming points—although "seriously" we cannot speak too highly of the skill with which Lord DERBY managed the influential deputation—the whole affair must have been a jolly day in Downing Street. It is something to get good honest nature in a Prime Minister's Council Chamber. Chaff, as the vulgar call it, when it is real good chaff, is an element in statecraft, and in this line Lord DERBY is no mere actor. It comes natural to him. He was on this occasion in thorough good humour with himself, with the session, with his prospects, with his holiday, and he was wise enough to play the fool with those who came to play the fool with him.

But Downing-street was not the only scene in which the saturnalia of statesmen was celebrated on Wednesday. Two peers and about one hundred of the commoners of England embarked at Southampton on board the *Pera* to attend the Cherbourg *fêtes*. Some exception may be reasonably taken to the exact propriety of these semi-official embodiments of Parliament men. The members, we believe, went at their own expense, but when next a contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the mail service comes before Parliament, it will be scarcely possible to exclude the reminiscence of the good or bad fare of the *Pera* from its weight in settling the terms between the Company and the country. But, waiving the question of the strict propriety of the trip, it seems at least to have begun in a regular jollification. The party hardly

promised well, for the accredited bores of the House mustered very strong. A pic-nic, with Mr AYRTON, Mr. WILLIAMS, Mr. TITE, Mr. WYLD, Mr. NICOLL, and Mr. FAGAN, Mr. SAMUEL WARREN, and Mr. INGRAM, does not hold out expectations of coming liveliness; but the dinner on board seems to have gone off in roysterer style. Cheers and speeches, "some capital songs," and an incipient "hornpipe" from Sir CHARLES NAPIER, are the outward testimonies to the excellence of "the banquet with the choicest wines." "We won't go home till morning" was made to suit the occasion, and the grey light of daybreak found many of the convivial senators on deck. What were the songs, and who sung them? Was General CODRINGTON knocked down for "The Soldier Tired"? Did Mr. DUCANE favour the company with the agricultural stave, "It's my delight of a shiny night"? Mr. WARREN, doubtless, was great in "There was 'a bee sat on a wall,' Mr. DONALD NICOLL must have given with great effect, "Back and side go bare," and Mr. BASS was certainly at home in "My little pint bottle of beer," while "The Pope he lives a jolly life," was assigned to the Irish representative. We have no objection to all this. It is a wholesome tendency of human nature to relieve itself by contrarieties. Just as routs and balls pall on the fashionable ladies, and drive their jaded appetites to feast on the forbidden stimulants of Cremorne, so it is convenient, and in its way natural, for senators to get up Free and Easy when they are released from Parliament. The Coal Hole afloat is a fair exchange for the droning stupidities of St. Stephen's, and that the old story of "Mr. Speaker, tip us a song," should have been so very nearly realized or repeated, will affront nobody whose opinion is worth considering. At any rate, if the report of this "canty hour at e'en" on board the *Pera* reaches Cherbourg, it will show its master that the rulers of England care very little for his Egyptian success when they can treat it with song and dance, and in this uproarious state of unbuttoned festivity. Of old times, the Conscript Fathers met the Gauls seated on curule thrones and in the Forum; but our senators now reel into Gaul with a champagne-bottle instead of the ivory sceptre. Yet a serious thought strikes us. What if the temptation of seizing this ship-load of notables should prove too much for the great EMPEROR'S virtue and his respect for international law? What if the fate of Verdun is reserved for the rollicking excursionists of the *Pera*? The very apprehension that Lord ASHLEY, and Mr. ROEBUCK, and Mr. WILLIAMS should become *détenu*s strikes us with a cold sweat. What if the hundred Parliament men are seized as hostages? Would not Portsmouth and the British fleet be a price all too cheap for Mr. WYLD and Mr. AYRTON? How cheerfully, as in the days of *ŒUR DE LION*, would a nation raise a FAGAN'S costly ransom! Think of ROEBUCK repeating the heroism of REGULUS, or of Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, as the modern BLONDEL, having to adapt "Stone walls do not a prison make" to his actual fate in a French dungeon. Few eyes will have slept in England till the telegraph announces that the *Pera* has disembarked its precious freight at Southampton.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

FIVE columns of advertisements of private schools in a single number of the *Times*, and the familiar announcement at the end of the Midsummer holidays that there are "three vacancies in a select establishment conducted by a widow lady residing at Little Paddington," suggest to us—"much meditating," as Lord Brougham would say—what inestimable advantages the future mothers of England possess, at least according to the advertisements! If the world knows not its greatest men, England certainly knows not its greatest women. The salt of the British community must be in its schoolmistresses. What paragons of virtue, what faultless incarnations of every gift and grace, are these ladies who advertise for the privilege of instructing our daughters in all that is solid and useful, religious and of good report, elegant and accomplished! Not one of them, taking her at her own modest account of herself, is fit for less than beatification. Duty, not gain, is their sublime motive. What are Sisters of Charity to these self-denying heroines? Every one of them must be at the least a *mère angelique*. Just as every boarding-house keeper is only in want of an addition to the domestic circle, and disregards altogether the pecuniary aspect of the transaction, so there are few schoolmistresses who do not make it appear that it is only as a matter of religious principle, just faintly coloured by a meek and mild infusion of self-denial, that they wish to receive into their family two or three little girls. Here is a specimen or two of high art which few middle-class mothers can resist:—"The wife of a clergyman, residing in a pretty parsonage in a healthy village about an hour's ride from London, wishes to receive into her family one or two young ladies to educate with her own."

Every provision for their comfort." We have here a perfect constellation of attractions—a parsoness and governess, lovely scenery, healthy site, an hour's railway, and a thoroughly select circle. Not a parent in Holborn or Norton Folgate could resist it. We quite understand the class of mothers to whom such invitations are specially addressed. The advertisement of this type, being a favourite one, is generally faithful to one idea; but it is interesting to trace its varieties. Throughout one finds a lady-like air of suppressed melancholy; and this appears under the various forms of what ladies themselves call "sweet pretty," "interesting," "gentle," and "affectionate." "A widow lady, residing in a healthy locality, and engaged in the education of her own little girls, is desirous of receiving, &c., to share with them her maternal care and solicitude, the chief objects of which are to instil Christian principles, inform the mind, and cultivate ladylike conduct. The domestic arrangements are liberally conducted, and every attention is given to their physical training." This is word-painting of pre-Raphaelite power. Every touch tells; and the minutest details of this good creature's life are brought out. One sees her, pale and delicate, alternating from the morning black dress to the evening grey scarf—her refined, yet melancholy, features lighted up with the consciousness of present duty, though slightly clouded with the recollections of her irreparable loss—the widow sustained and animated by the mother's duties, giving up herself for time and eternity to "her own little girls," overflowing with "maternal care and solicitude" (observe "care and solicitude")—and yet prepared to give of these good things to others. She offers nothing less than Christian principles, a well-informed mind, and ladylike habits. All this she can give—she simply guarantees the perfect ideal of a woman. These are her chief objects in "receiving a few pupils." She sacrifices herself for the good of her species—the minor consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence she adroitly veils. And then observe the elegant periphrase under which she hints that there is enough to eat for dinner, and that washing and backboards are attended to—"liberal domestic arrangements and physical training" being schoolmistress's English for twice meat and frequent walks.

But it is not all maternal birds who are caught with this sentimental chaff. Some parents have a taste for the religious and domestic dodge; but others, it is felt, like a more open address to a different set of prejudices. It is not every mother who will send her daughter to the whining widow-lady or the wife of a clergyman residing in a pretty parsonage. These arts of advertising make no impression on the tougher fibres of the more practical matrons. They mean to send the girls to school—a good school—none of your half-and-half domestic circles, but a thorough good school, and where there is none but good society. Here is a type of select establishment that will attract that class in middle life which plumes itself upon being practical and aspiring at the same time:—"Superior education for the daughters of gentlemen." The weak place is hit—such a school will be a patent of gentility for life. This looks like business combined with the very best of breeding. "A lady of talent and experience," of course, and "who has successfully conducted the education of the daughters of noblemen and other families of distinction, has a vacancy for three pupils." A vacancy for three pupils—the solecism is lost in the dazzling attractions of this "establishment, which is beautifully situated in the immediate vicinity of the Parks," and which is still suffused with the odours of "the daughters of noblemen and other families of distinction." It is scarcely necessary to add that in the list of eminent professors attached to this establishment, we find nothing less than "Mr. Brush, landscape-painter to the Queen, and Mrs. Stipple, flower-painter to her Majesty."

Another form of attraction is that of the foreign school. This is a subtle bait, and argues considerable knowledge of the human mind in those who offer it. Many parents and guardians who set their faces against all the tricks of the English establishments fall a victim to a foreign adventure. They cannot resist the *Pensionnat*. It is as soothing to certain minds as "that blessed word Mesopotamia" was to the old lady's Bible-reading propensities. "Protestant Collegiate School for young ladies, by Madame Pourpre," combines every attractive element. We have French, religion, and a college all in one. But even this is capped. France *pur et simple* we know has its drawbacks. France teaches manners, but England is the school for morals. When in a very reflective turn of mind, and deep in our ethnological studies, we think what a pity it is that we cannot unite national excellencies. What a model man that would be who had an Englishman's probity, Gallic wit and refinement of thought, German patience, and Italian taste! Our advertising ladies hit this feeling. They tell us how we can get the French idiom and the British beef, Parisian manners and the solidities of the English family—"education in France, and at a first-rate finishing school;" but then it is "*en famille*, where English comforts and maternal care" are crowned by "a beautiful view of the sea"—the very waves, of course, whispering only in Parisian accent. Perhaps the sublimity of humbug in this direction is attained by the principal of a seminary "who has obtained a diploma from the University of France." The University of France—an institution which is new to us. We always thought, however, that the very model of a school advertisement was that of the enterprising gentleman who does not exactly profess to teach boys, but "respectfully invites all parents and guardians who have youths to put to school to inspect his mansion of sixty rooms and

grounds of thirty-three acres, comprising bowling-green, cricket-ground, fish-pond, rookery, chestnut-grove, extensive gardens, and trout-streams." In its line, it certainly is inimitable; but it is approached, though distantly, by the lady at Clapham, who subdues the splendour of her educational promises, while she wisely prefers to enlarge upon her speciality, which is her "house of modern and cheerful construction, containing forty-five lofty rooms and four bath-rooms, affording every facility for daily use."

These are among the attractions offered to that very numerous class which is prepared to pay, and pay well, for "educational advantages." But economical as well as educational considerations are attended to. Cheap schools are not in good odour. Dothegirls Halls are not in favour since Miss Bronte's inconvenient revelations. How, then, to unite large promise and small performance, high terms and moderate payments? The following solution of the problem is at least ingenious:—"A vacancy having occurred in first-class establishment, where the terms are forty guineas per annum, a young lady can be received at the reduced terms of twenty-five guineas." What an elegant euphemism for a twenty-pound school, to say that it is a forty-pound seminary, where all the girls are taken at half-price! We cannot quit this interesting field of investigation without extracting a choice specimen of impudence:—"Miss —— begs to announce to her friends and pupils that her Family Party will re-assemble on Tuesday, the 3rd of August."

After all, this is a melancholy prospect. Pretence, folly, and empty promise characterize most of these advertising schools. They address the worst and weakest part of our nature; they appeal for the most part only to vanity and pride; they are palpable delusions, and too often are accepted as such. These schools could not be unless parents liked them. The lady superiors are what they are, and use all this language of cant and falsity, only because we choose our daughters to be brought up in emptiness and pretence. Parents as well as teachers know that all this French and German, and piano and accomplishments, calisthenics and flower painting, mean nothing and come to nothing. Knowing what English female education is, we know that the widow ladies and the clergyman's wives, and the principals of Linden House and the foreign Protestant Colleges are all stuff and nonsense—that the teachers are generally the wives of broken-down coal-merchants, who contrive to hire a house, and engage two or three housemaids, and get a few ignorant ushers to dub themselves masters, and call this sort of thing "a Select Establishment conducted by Madame Perigord de la Plume and a staff of eminent professors." Few parts of our social economy require a more strict reform than that of existing girls' schools; and if the Woman's Rights advocates in England would turn their thoughts and energies in this direction, and would really attempt to make the next generation of wives and mothers something better than they are likely to be under the present system of female education, we will undertake that our sons will give them more respectful attention than at present we can accord to their theories. Once let us see that women are really working for themselves in the most neglected portion of female life, and we shall not laugh, as we often do, at woman's claims to social elevation.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

TILL within the last two or three years, the poetical and imaginative element was systematically excluded from the British army. Its merits were unrewarded—its sympathies were not appealed to—the soldiers were left to discharge the most arduous of duties under no other inducements than those which a sense of duty or a love of adventure might offer. Many changes have, indeed, been made since the Peninsular war. The universal furbishing which has been applied to all departments of the State has invaded the camp and the barrack as well as other places. Examinations have been provided for officers, education for soldiers; better arms, better clothes, better food, better everything for the army is the cry of the day, and no one can deny that it is a most just and useful cry. It is not, however, to his bodily and professional wants alone that the soldiers' friends direct their attention. They minister to his sentimental wants as well. Feelings of honour, they say, are not confined to gentlemen. Why not calculate upon their existence in common soldiers? When the general and the colonel are stimulated by being made G.C.B.'s and K.C.B.'s, why should not the private have an opportunity of pointing to decorations won by a courage often not inferior to theirs? This demand, like many other popular demands, has met with considerable success. There have been more crosses, medals, and clasps issued within the last fifteen years than in all our previous military history, and by the institution of the Victoria Cross the principle has been avowed in its very strongest form.

It is impossible not to feel that one part at least of the popular case has been triumphantly made out, if it wanted making out, since this measure was adopted. There is, beyond all question, a vast amount of gallantry to be honoured in the English army. The acts which the Queen so lately rewarded are in their way as splendid as any in history. They show that, whatever dyspeptic critics may choose to think, that unequalled daring which for centuries past has distinguished Englishmen from the rest of the world in every department of life was never better de-

veloped or more widely diffused through all classes of society than it is now. The silly fashion of depreciating the dash and impetuosity of English courage must, we should hope, be destroyed by the record of the actions which won the Victoria Cross. Every form of courage—from the desperate hardihood which carried 600 light dragoons through some 6000 horse, foot, and artillery, to the iron dogged stubbornness which stormed Delhi and saved Lucknow—has been found in the richest abundance amongst Englishmen of every rank and of almost all professions within the last four years. Soldiers, sailors, privates, officers, civil magistrates, collectors, chaplains, merchants, men and women of every station in life, have shown a generous contempt for death, wounds, and danger, a variety of resource, a devotion to duty—and, when occasion required, as it often did, a resolute, unflinching bulldog courage—which gives every Englishman a far higher right to be proud of the name he bears than ever attached to the countrymen of Scipio or Caesar. Precious as the individual instances of this virtue undoubtedly are, their direct is not their greatest value. It is because we have a fair right to look upon the martyrs of India and the Crimea as specimens of English manhood, that they are so important. Cotton and hardware are not our greatest products. There are made in England in the present day hearts and limbs as stout as those of the good yeomen whom Shakespeare knew so well. What a world of silent unknown worth and vigour there must be all around us, when we find that men chosen almost at random from the mass of society composed the civil service of India and the Crimean army. What a hardy, manly education, what lessons of self-reliance, self-denial, self-government, and self-respect, went to form the characters shown there! What deep reverence for truth and honesty, what hearty, simple trust in God, have these events brought to light! Like all the great ruling powers of life, such things usually pass unperceived; but it is our bounden duty to acknowledge their existence thankfully and cheerfully when it is so clearly set before us. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is much good as well as much evil in the world, and it is in our opinion as common and as great a fault to call good evil as to call evil good.

Whilst, however, we freely acknowledge the splendour of the actions rewarded, we cannot deny that we feel a certain degree of misgiving as to the reward. The features of the national character which we have attempted to sketch are beyond all praise. Their continuance would be cheaply purchased by any sacrifice of mere material prosperity; their preservation and development are the very highest objects which English statesmen can have in view; but is this end furthered by such institutions as the Victoria Cross? We are inclined to doubt it. Magnanimity and generosity are not to be bought. Prizes can no more create courage than money can make a gentleman. In all the more important departments of life a man must give his services. If he will sell them, they are not worth having. The meanest mercenary fights for something more than his pay. He has his point of honour, his professional pride—at the lowest, he gratifies the fighting instinct. But whatever cynical speakers or writers may say, we shall never believe that any mortal man ever estimated the dangers of a campaign at 10d. a day, and the wages at 1s., and concluded that he should gain 2d. a day by the bargain. Something more than that goes to the meanest occupation in life. We fully believe that the majority of crossing-sweepers feel a certain degree of interest in their crossing, and a wish that it should be neater than those of their neighbours.

The fact is, that in all professions there are two elements—skill, which can, and affection, which cannot, be bought. What we require of our soldiers is that they should be both as skilful and as zealous as possible. In order to obtain the first result, let us by all means make the profession as advantageous as possible. Let every attention be paid to the comfort and efficiency of the troops. Pay them, pension them, provide for them when sick or wounded, on the most liberal scale—take every means for discovering and rewarding professional merit. All this is perfectly legitimate and highly necessary. Upon all that lies beyond this we own we look with some suspicion. The feelings of men are almost always their own reward. To give a soldier a cross for being brave, is something like giving a husband a medal for being fond of his wife. To give him rank, to give him extra pay, to give him a higher pension is natural enough, because courage happens to be a professional merit. Such advancement is analogous to advancing the head of a family, who is known to be much attached to it, to a confidential situation, on the ground that such a person is specially likely to value high character, and is, as it were, bound over in heavy sureties to preserve it; but a medal or a cross is no more than a public compliment—an official notification of the fact that A. B. is a brave man. It has hitherto been the happy peculiarity of England to make such recognitions very sparingly, and to look upon them, when made in other countries, with a feeling much akin to contempt. Praise is often quite as insolent as blame. It is gratifying that an employer should say to his workman, "I like your work and will raise your wages;" but it would be an insult to say, "You are fond of your wife and children, you never use bad language, you never get drunk, and I will therefore give you this tin cross to wear." The answer would be, "Who are you who hold this language to me? What right have you to inquire whether I get drunk or swear—whether I love my wife or beat her?" There

is something of this in all decorations. A gallant-hearted man will risk life and limb, and pour out his blood like water, because it is his duty to God and his country; but he would be a paltry fool indeed if his object was to receive a cross from the Queen and to see his name in the papers. We can well imagine that a man who in the flush of youth receives wounds that render him for the rest of his life a diseased cripple, unable to think or read or work without torture, should console himself with the thought that the active work of his life had been concentrated into one short agony, and that he was privileged for the rest of it to look forward with tranquillity to a better; but that any one should be such a fool as to rate the pleasure of a Victoria Cross above the pleasure of good health, would make him to all sensible people an object of pity.

It may be said that, however true these considerations may be, they cannot be adopted in practice, and that we must use human weaknesses, although in speculation we may despise them. Proposals to act in this way are always suspicious, but in such a case as this they would be surprisingly impudent. We should like to know who has the right to treat Englishmen like children? Who will dare to hint that there has ever been any want of courage in the English army or navy? Those who drove men covered with stars of the Legion of Honour, and every other decoration which vanity could devise, from the trenches of Badajoz and St. Sebastian, neither expected crosses nor got them. Decorations did not get the better of plain clothes at Trafalgar and Aboukir, nor was the man least ornamented at the Congress of Vienna the representative of the least warlike power of Europe. We do not wish to quarrel with what already exists, but we do object to the extension of a principle which appears to us to be unsound. There are weaknesses which cannot be avoided, but which should not be encouraged; and respecting the "last infirmity of noble minds," we should not wish to see any other principle widely acted on than that which Milton announced in connexion with the phrase—

Fame is no plant that grows in mortal soil
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads alyst by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much praise in heaven expect thy meed.

FINANCIAL FUN.

THE children of the present day are brought up in rather an easy and slipshod way, but their parents lived under a severer régime. The amusements of the flesh were, for instance, prohibited on the first day of the week, except in the mild form of Sunday stories. These stories aimed at giving a great deal of spiritual instruction at the price of a little secular entertainment. There were diverting interludes or episodes introduced to break the flow of the didactic conversations which formed the main strength and object of the book; and the children were only too happy to find that these interspersed fragments counted as undeniable Sunday reading. In an excellent little sketch, for example, of the Wars of the Jews, a holiday was taken by the whole of the *dramatis persona*, the elder portion of whom were elsewhere represented as happening to recollect, without any apparent effort, the minutest incidents of the siege of Jerusalem. The Wars of the Jews stopped, and the Sunday story-teller gave ten pages to a refreshing description of a pic-nic. The little readers were thus lured on; and there is obviously no reason why the same device should not be adopted to entice readers of any age to enter on a dry and repulsive subject. A body of financial enthusiasts have been struck with this thought, and have boldly carried it out. As Wesley would not let the devil have all the good tunes, so these ingenious theorists will not let the parsons monopolize the most effective way of gilding a bitter pill. They have calculated that if they could put on a comic and romantic face, they might safely insinuate some very stern truths against Peel's Bank Charter Act. In return for a given amount of fun, they ask a proportionate attention to a theory of the circulating medium, and edge in views of panics and over-issues under cover of a love-story. They feel that the serious public is rather against them, but if they could anyhow turn the laughers against the Bank, there is no knowing what might happen. The country might be so touched with the fun that it would gladly alter its monetary system. It is true that the House of Commons has decisively declined to repeal the Act, that all the leading statesmen on both sides are determined to stand by the principles on which it is based, and that it is accepted by the great capitalists and the first economists as in the main a good measure; but then all the people who have taken this view have done so soberly and seriously. They might, it is hoped, succumb to a different process. Let them read first a romance, then a comic poem, with some desperate hard hits at the Bank, and when they are thus warmed up let them go into the monetary question, and they will be inclined to see things in a new light; while that great portion of the public which knows and cares nothing about currency will buy what it thinks is an innocent piece of railway light reading, and will henceforth entertain misgivings, vague, perhaps, but still serviceable, as to the sufficiency of the Bank reserve.

This union of wit and wisdom is given to the public in a shilling monthly periodical, called the *Money Bag*. Its conductors are far too sharp to show the hoof at first. We open a

number, and find a frontispiece representing one of the scenes of the romance which is continued in parts through the series. No one would dream of the Bank, or of Bullion, or of Paper Issues. The tale is called "Edith Clare," and if that is not a name to gull the public into political economy, it would be hard to find one. We have all the elements of a first-class romance heaped on us in what seems guileless profusion. There is a lovely lady who bears the name of Edith, and keeps a pink album (and what can a young lady do more for a story)! there is a stern, selfish, match-making mamma; there is an easy-going, cigar-smoking papa; there is a rich fool who is safe to be rejected, and a handsome, naughty darling of a man who is safe to be accepted. We could have trusted the periodical which contained this romance as blindly as we trust the *Family Herald* or the *London Journal*. We could have been perfectly sure the writer had never thought, and certainly never wished any one else to think, for a moment on influxes of gold and temporary drains and causes of panics. We are lulled into a false but absolute security. The cunning financier chuckles over our artlessness, and smiles to think he has us in his power, and that he can get in by degrees any facts and figures he may please.

Every care, however, is taken not to hurry us. The next contribution to Edith Clare, in the August number, is called "They told me when my heart was young." It is a little poem in two stanzas, and looks harmless and purposeless; but it is not, perhaps, without an object, as it casually brings us into the right sphere of thought. The writer, who is disguised as a satirical and disappointed lover, ends by proclaiming that he finds all weapons blunt but gold. There is a fine bullionist smack about this which leads us on, and we are encouraged to proceed into the avowedly comic-financial part. This funny part, the real strength of the periodical, consists first of mere light writing, and pleasant devil-may-care facetiousness about panics and the rate of interest, and then passes into the masterpiece—a comic song, illustrated by a caricature. This comic song is a crushing invective directed to expose and overwhelm Lord Overstone. There is a good deal of transparent fun about names, to start with. The Bank Charter Act is supposed to be dead, and a coroner's inquest is held over it. The scene, we are told, is laid at the Chequers Tavern. And enter Curdle, the coroner, who facetiously represents Mr. Cardwell, while Mr. Jehoida Loans as chief witness, Bammerston, an attorney, and Corney Louse, Ben Tizzy, Charley Chip, and Ned Grim, as jurymen, humorously shadow forth the leading members of the majority of the Committee that lately reported in favour of the Act. The names of the dissentient minority composed of Mr. Cayley and Mr. Spooner are transmuted, in the language of Financial Fun, into Ned Scales and Dick Leder. Loans is called on to give evidence, and, kissing the book, mutters "Selp me, Bob;" and a note explains to us that the witness is hereby supposed to invoke familiarly the shade of Sir Robert Peel. On the fine and rollicking fancy which represents "Banquo Charteris" as coming suddenly to life again to the consternation of those present, we need not dwell. The wit must be read *in extenso* to be enjoyed. The reader is now supposed to be sufficiently primed. If he is not inclined to laugh himself into a particular view of the currency after all this jocularity and all these funny names, he never will be inclined. The occasion is boldly seized, and the number closes with thirty pages of a draft report on the Bank Act, prepared by Mr. Cayley.

England is a free country with a free press, and every one has a right to try to catch the public in his own way. We can only wonder at there being persons who think that a school of currency philosophers, unable to get a hearing otherwise, will get one by love-stories and jokes. The weak point of the *Money-Bag* is the same as the weak point of the old Sunday stories. The reader recollects the entertaining part, but forgets, if he has not omitted, the instructive part. It is impossible to resist the temptation to leave off reading just before the Bank Report—the crown and aim of the whole—begins. We refuse to be cheated. We have ostensibly bought a shilling's worth of romance and comic writing, and we are not to be made content with a put-off about Banks, and Issues, and Paper Money.

LORD SHAFTESBURY VINDICATED.

THE journal which devotes itself to the interests of Lord Shaftesbury and the Licensed Victuallers—the organ of pugilism and piety, and which is so great an authority on prophecy and priapism—has been coming out again. Mr. Buckle has not yet investigated the beautiful law of circumstance in its application to the self-adjusting and compensating power of journalism. Something is sure to turn up as it is most needed. Even the tameness of the Long Vacation is relieved. When the leading journal is, as at the present moment, insufferably dull, the *Morning Advertiser* makes up in brilliancy for the stupidity of its colleague. The *Times* having attempted to clear off some of its scores with its "vituperative contemporaries," the publicans' diurnal now addresses itself to the task of vindicating its patron, Lord Shaftesbury, from the "uncourteous and unbecoming attacks" of "certain journals" on "the character of the nobleman who is an honour, not only to his country, but to his species." His species! Think of poor human nature—the rationality and animality which (to say nothing of an accidental Newton, and Bacon, and Plato, and St. Paul) has

contrived, here in England alone, to produce its eighteen millions of living people who are not on the treadmill, but who more or less are doing their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them—think of human kind finding its crowning glory in Lord Shaftesbury! “What a piece of work is man! how infinite,” &c. &c., all of which is to be found in Shakespeare and Entick’s *Speaker*. Such is the glory of man. Wonderful—as Professor Filopanti will remember that Sophocles, or some other of the Greek historians, remarks—are many things, but nothing is more wonderful than man; and of men, as the *Morning Advertiser* suggests, the Earl of Shaftesbury is most wonderful—an honour not only to his country but to his species—good and great, and a nobleman to boot. Great is Shaftesbury; and so the *Morning Advertiser* goes on to assure us that “this is the day of Lord Shaftesbury’s triumph.” “Certain journals fiercely assailed Lord Shaftesbury for having affirmed that our women were horribly maltreated by the Sepoys.....within the last few days new and conclusive proofs that the frightful mutilations of which Lord Shaftesbury then spoke were literally true have been brought before us. Their truth is everywhere admitted; no one now doubts about them.”

We must recall what it was that elicited “the vituperation heaped upon Lord Shaftesbury.” We never asserted that women were not violated and mutilated. We only blamed Lord Shaftesbury for saying that he had seen a letter from Lady Canning, when he meant to say that he had heard of a letter, which letter it turned out was never written. We also remonstrated with him, in the interests of truth and humanity, for lashing up the passions of England against the natives of India by asserting his full and implicit belief in the wholesale dishonour of our women and the torturing and mutilation of children, not only without producing one particle of evidence to support his assertions, but when all the positive evidence of Mr. Campbell (*Judex*), Mr. Cecil Beadon, Sir J. Lawrence, the East India Company, and the Indian Relief Committee, was the other way. What we complained of was, that Lord Shaftesbury, after his manner, made rude, hasty, and unwarrantable assertions on a subject about which he knew nothing; and that when called to account, he refused, as in Mr. Hargrave’s case, with the usual insolence of a Pharisee, either to retract or to prove his loose talk. This was our quarrel with Lord Shaftesbury; and this ground of offence would remain if twenty thousand cases of Sepoy mutilation were proved. But are they proved? Is one proved? What was the assertion of Lord Shaftesbury? That English women generally, and as a rule, were dishonoured under the most revolting circumstances. This was the allegation—this was what his lordship felt it to be a Christian duty to enlarge upon, and he did enlarge upon it in terms which we are not going to repeat. Noblemen who are “an honour to their species” find it pious and profitable to descant on the details of rape before a public meeting. We do not; but we must recall the fact that this was the charge against the Sepoys. “Insults and indecency the most horrible, revolting, and degrading—details not to be committed to writing”—this was Lord Shaftesbury’s language. Even in the *Morning Advertiser*’s “new and conclusive proofs” there is not the remotest hint of any dishonour or violation of a single woman. One, and the worst, half of Lord Shaftesbury’s loose assertions, therefore, it is not attempted to bolster up. The violation stories are not persisted in. What are the new and conclusive proofs of the mutilations?

They are to be found in a single number of the *Homeward Mail*, which inserts two gossiping paragraphs from the *Englishman* and the *Delhi Gazette*. “The following statement is taken from the *Englishman*, and is said to have been received from a reliable source.” So that we have a statement from an obscure newspaper, which report says came somehow from somebody who was said to be reliable. What is the statement? “Mrs. Joyce was wounded with a bayonet, and boiling oil was poured by the Sepoys into the wound. Her body was thrown into a pit in the churchyard, and there found by the chaplain, the Rev. R. Panting. During her flight from Delhi, a lady saw little feet in the shoes that had been cut off and were lying about. Let *Judex* apply for a private account of poor Mrs. Macdonald’s death at Meerut, and of Mrs. Chambers’ burning there.”

Well, we argue from what we know to what we do not know. Mrs. Chambers and Mrs. Macdonald we do happen to know all about. The former case is the very one which was so fully investigated, and which after so much shuffling, and several letters in the *Times*, came out so very clear. Mrs. Chambers was the lady who was killed by a single bayonet thrust, and in an instant (this we know from her husband’s testimony), but who, according to the Indian reliable reports, was tortured and mutilated with unspeakable horrors. Having, in this case, some months ago, gone through the whole evidence, and seen that not the slightest indignity or insult was offered to Mrs. Chambers, we are not now inclined to pay much attention to a lady who saw the road to Delhi tessellated with babies’ feet. Indeed, we cannot quite make out the history and chronology of what we are asked to believe. The lady is flying from Delhi to Umballa, and “on the road from Delhi to Umballa” finds the amputated little feet and shoes. Now we thought that there was a general massacre in Delhi, but that some fugitives escaped; but the paragraph in the *Englishman* implies that the Sepoys had swept the road from Delhi to Umballa, carrying all the babies out of Delhi, whose feet they

cut off at intervals on the march, and left them “lying about;” and after this it seems they permitted “a lady” to traverse this same road for the express purpose of picking them up.

As to Mrs. Joyce, we can only say that in her case, there is no allusion to dishonour; and the expression, “the body was thrown into a pit in the churchyard,” seems to mean, that the Sepoys actually buried their victim in consecrated ground. The other corroborative paragraph is from the *Delhi Gazette*, and relates to the case of Mrs. Matthews, “a very old woman of Agra,” who was surrounded with straw and burned to death, the Sepoys hoping to induce her to show where her money was hidden. A very sad and horrid business, if true—which we fear it may be—but one which, in no sense whatever, comes up to, or in the remotest degree justifies, Lord Shaftesbury’s language. The poor old woman was neither violated nor mutilated. Hers was just Front de Boeuf’s treatment of Isaac of York—the very commonest of all common details of savage warfare. It was the Spanish practice in Mexico—the cut-and-dry Oriental practice—and the Middle Age practice, recognised in every chronicle and history extant. Unless we are mistaken, the Peninsular War produced instances very like it. So that, after all, “Lord Shaftesbury’s triumph” comes to this:—His Lordship’s charge of wholesale violation and mutilation is triumphantly proved by one solitary case, not of violation or mutilation, but of torture, which is “said to have been received from a reliable” (but anonymous) “source”—by the apocryphal history of the little feet and shoes—and by the very old fable of poor Mrs. Chambers’ tragic fate, which has been as completely disproved as the legend of Romulus and Remus. This is literally all that is produced.

But the *Morning Advertiser* has other proofs. It has the testimony of a “lady friend of our own, writing exclusively to ourselves, in an able and interesting letter from the scenes of the atrocities.” We are told of “our own correspondent, who is the daughter of an officer of high rank, and the wife of another officer of great distinction, besides being a beautiful woman—one of great delicacy of feeling and high mental culture”—who gives a whole Iliad of ravine-and-bloody-bones stories. Now, we do not mean to be uncivil, but this won’t do. We have taken the measure of the correspondents of the *Morning Advertiser*. G. Allan Saundars, and Pietro Monomini, and Filopanti are not yet forgotten. But the joke is getting threadbare. There was some fun in suggesting that an Italian professor might possibly correspond with the publicans’ organ; but that a lady, the wife of an officer, beautiful woman with delicate feelings and high mental culture, should write letters to the *Morning Advertiser*, is a very dull jest indeed. To send a letter to *Bell’s Life*, giving the views of “J. B. Cantuar” on the Goodwood event would be a horridly monstrous and improbable than that of “a Lady Correspondent writing exclusively to ourselves,” i.e., the *Morning Advertiser*.

However, it is some consolation to us that we can quite agree with our contemporary on one point—that “the question of the Sepoy mutilations of our women is set at rest for ever.” Lord Shaftesbury’s simple, accurate, and careful statement of facts now rests on the authority of “the beautiful woman who writes exclusively” to the *Morning Advertiser*. Lord Shaftesbury and the beautiful woman have settled the controversy. They know dozens and dozens of cases. “Women driven naked,” like Poor Tom, from tithing to tithing; “beautiful girls subjected to such indignities,” &c. &c.; “wives, into whose mouths their husbands’ flesh was thrust;” “every imaginable insult and indignity, and degradation, conceivable.” All this we now know on the authority of the beautiful woman of the *Morning Advertiser*; and as our contemporary goes on to remark, “it must be to his Lordship a gratification of the highest kind to find his statements borne out, by this subsequent testimony of the most ample and unanswerable kind.” Certainly, if it is a gratification to his Lordship to be assured that his countrywomen have been treated in the way detailed by the *Advertiser*’s correspondent, we can quite understand that it must be a gratification of the most peculiar, and therefore, perhaps, to him, of the highest kind. Lord Shaftesbury, being an honour to his species, of course, in some sense, transcends human nature. The very highest essences possess the very highest and most refined sensibilities, and therefore their gratifications are not to be measured by those of ordinary mortals. Rape and dishonour, blood and murder, torture and mutilation are scarcely matters of gratification to common minds; but when a man is an honour to his species, he has peculiar tastes and susceptibilities with which we of the ordinary clay can scarcely sympathize. As it is, we leave his Lordship and the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Morning Advertiser*’s beautiful woman, in the full enjoyment of that “gratification of the highest kind” which they are said to find in the proof—which, happily, is no proof at all—of the wildest excesses of lust and blood.

OTTO MÜNDLER.

CHRONIC hot water is the condition in which that public opinion which finds its expression in Parliament and the press seems to think it desirable to keep one more especially of our national institutions. That institution is the National Gallery. The Commissions and Committees which have sat upon it in an almost unbroken series for a score or so of years would be laborious to recount. But at last we appeared to have reached a

standing-point. In 1855 the direction of the Gallery was reorganized. The British hatred of entrusting any set of duties to the right man singly, and free from a machinery of checks and divided responsibility, availed to retain the old body of trustees. But there was a Director with whom, as it was pretty well understood, the real leadership rested, at a befitting salary—a new Secretary, honourably provided for—and a Travelling Agent, for whom things were made decidedly comfortable, what between a moderate salary and a good travelling allowance.

These arrangements have on the whole worked very efficiently. The quantity of work done in the National Gallery since they came into operation has been out of all comparison with anything before achieved, and its quality deserves approval, and even gratitude. The historical completeness of the collection has been steadily and consistently furthered—a result not only right in itself, but in accordance with the programme laid down by the last Parliamentary committee. The purchase of the Lombardi and Baldi pictures, of the Pollajuolo, the Perugino, the large Lippino Lippi, and several others, is altogether laudable; and the prices in these and other instances have been moderate or low. The "Family of Darius," by Veronese, presents a case of a vast price given for a work of European fame, for which one of our best authorities has pronounced that hardly any price would be exorbitant. The one conspicuous mistake was the purchase, now some while ago, of the other Veronese at a price much smaller, yet still considerable.

Quieta non move is not a bad axiom. When a system works well, it appears reasonable to leave it alone—inquiring into and correcting any hitch or abuses which may occur, but not pouncing down upon the system itself, and putting it out of working order. This, however, does not suit our reformers. The proceedings of the 13th July in the House of Commons unsettle what exists, and threaten to break up the arrangements altogether, without giving any clear assurance of additional security.

In the Treasury minute providing for the appointment of a travelling agent, the duties of that officer are laid down as follows:—"In order to enable the Trustees and Director the more easily to acquire fine pictures that may be offered for sale on the Continent, my Lords propose to appoint a travelling agent with a salary of 300*l.* a year, whose duties will be to visit the private collections of distinguished families abroad, ascertaining and describing their contents, and obtaining the earliest information of any intended sale. The agent will be paid his travelling and personal expenses on a scale hereafter to be fixed"—viz., 650*l.* a year. This statement of the duties appears definite enough. The travelling agent is a kind of scout, his function being limited to looking about him as sharply as he can, and telling his principals what he sees. He has no power of purchasing, or offering to purchase—not even of tendering any authoritative recommendation. All this is within the province of the trustees and the director. The question whether the price of a picture shall be 400*l.* or 4000*l.* is as much out of his jurisdiction as the police magistrate's discretion in giving the last wife-pounder two months' imprisonment or six is independent of the reporter for the morning newspaper who records the sentence. The reporter, it is true, has the *corpus delicti* as fully before him as the magistrate, and probably forms an equally decided opinion about it. In like manner, the travelling agent has fully as good an opportunity of judging purchaseable pictures as the director. But, in both cases, the decision belongs to another.

Such is the theory of the office of travelling agent; and one of the very few gentlemen in the House of Commons who know anything about the practice—Mr. Wilson—says that that corresponds to the theory. But Mr. Otto Mündler is summarily docked of his salary on the plea that he has done a number of things which he has no real power to do. Lord Elcho retails various stories of high prices demanded and given for pictures, and a majority votes with him that the travelling agency is a nuisance, and that the agent, free to retain his "travelling and personal expenses," shall have not a penny of salary.

Whether the stories are true or false as imputing particular acts, or a certain line of action, to Mr. Mündler, is the real question. They are asserted in a vague, piecemeal, and inferential manner on the side of the accusation, and are distinctly and peremptorily denied for the defence. Assertion and denial of a similar kind are continual, all the world over; and a person who has no special means of probing the facts will find it his best wisdom to suspend judgment. For our own part, we incline to believe that the allegations against Mr. Mündler are mainly apocryphal; but, whether so or not, we are at least certain that the manner in which the knot has been cut, and a public servant sent adrift, is against common sense and common fairness. Certain defects in the administration of a national institution are reported to exist. Rumour, or mere hap-hazard, attributes them to a particular officer who cannot be the culprit if only his superiors have kept him to his proper duties. What is the course which a British House of Commons deems it fitting to adopt under such circumstances? Without verifying the rumour, without tracing any actual defect to its author, without either calling for or receiving any authentic explanation, they strike off the salary of the accused. This is a strange precedent. Who would not be astonished to hear that in one of the ordinary departments of administration—let us suppose the Home Office—an unproved rumour that some

contract or other had been taken at too high a figure had led, not to any inquiry as to the facts or the delinquent, but to the simple abolition of the chief door-keeper's salary? The fact that the department with which such a prank is actually played is one of Fine Art, suggests that the connexion between art and the State must be a novelty to which the British governing mind is scarcely yet inured.

We do not insist on the utter paltriness of the saving thus effected, nor even on the solecism of leaving upon the votes a handsome travelling allowance for an office which is adjudged unworthy of salary or of preservation. If an office is superfluous, let it go, be the saving paltry or not; and if reform is only half attained in the first instance, let us accept an instalment and get the other in due course. Neither do we expressly affirm that the travelling agency is in itself advantageous. Though we are satisfied that it deserved to be thoroughly tried, and believe it would prove more efficient, more economical, and less conducive to robbery, than the proposed substitute of several stationary local agencies, it may undoubtedly tend, as alleged, to raise the price of pictures in the market. What we object to, at the present stage of the question, is the condemnation of a system without proof, and a man without trial. The fact is that, in all National Gallery matters, the real attack is made upon individuals rather than upon the appointments which they hold. It is not so much the Director as Sir Charles Eastlake who is assailed—not so much the travelling agent as Mr. Mündler. To the original selection of that Teutonic gentleman we entertain a very decided objection, viewing it as an unmerited slur upon many a fellow-countryman of our own, equally eligible, as far as can be foreknown; but there he is, discharging his duties in a manner which has never been proved to be exceptionable, and, Englishman or German, he is entitled to fair play.

Mr. Disraeli, in deprecating the off-hand flat of which the Commons refused to be hauled, intimated that important changes in the management of the National Gallery were in contemplation. Much assuredly remains to be done towards settling on a firm basis the whole edifice of our national recognition of the fine arts. In the case of the Gallery alone, it is abundantly evident that the public have a right to reclaim from the Royal Academy the space which was ceded to that private and irresponsible body when there was enough and to spare, but which is now needed for the purposes to which it was originally destined. Assuming that the entire field will come under the Government's view, we welcome Mr. Disraeli's announcement with all heartiness. Meanwhile we have only to repeat that the existing management of the National Gallery has done little to ruffle the temper or rouse the jealousy of the public, and a great deal to show that it is active, intelligent, and in earnest.

WANSTEAD FOREST.

THE importance of recreation to working men, and the good it must do them and their families to taste fresh air and get a sight now and then of the beauties of nature, have been talked about till the topics are threadbare. Nor has it been barren talk. Great things have been done in the last few years to put these blessings within reach of the mechanics and tradesmen of London, and of other towns as well. The Victoria Park, the Battersea Park, the opening of Kew Gardens and Hampton Court on Sundays, show that the feeling on this matter has been deep and earnest. And every one who comes into personal contact with the working classes knows well that they make great use of these advantages, and feel the better for them in body and mind. We say that this movement has had great success; but that success has been gained by very great exertions, and at a heavy cost. Battersea Park will have swallowed up a frightful sum before it is complete, and the Victoria Park has been little less expensive. Now, would it be believed that at the very time when such efforts are being made to find the people of London pleasant breathing-places, a far more charming park than either of these two—one which has been the delight of the Cockneys of the east for centuries—is being sold by a single red-tapist for a mere song? Such, strange to say, is the case. Wanstead is six miles from Whitechapel—beyond the smoke, yet within an easy drive in gig or cart. A good-sized patch of forest has hitherto lain there, surrounded indeed, with fields and houses, but itself wholly wild and free—the only trace of man's hand being the beautiful avenues of lime-trees and chestnuts which cross a part of the ground hither and thither. To this forest of Wanstead every fine summer's evening, but most of all on the day which God meant for refreshment, there came thousands upon thousands of worn mechanics, and petty tradesmen—that very class for whom every one is most desirous to provide harmless amusement, and fresh air, and a sight of the green trees. No more pleasing sight has ever met our eyes than the scenes of heartfelt but innocent enjoyment which we have looked at summer after summer in those old avenues. Family groups without number might be seen squatted on the ground, eating the meal they had brought with them, or wandering among the trees, listening to the cuckoos, nightingales, and other birds which abound there; while hundreds of children made the air ring with their shouts, in glee at their escape from the fetid air and weary walls of Spitalfields and Whitechapel. The roads were alive with every kind of conveyance, and the trains to Forest Gate were crowded with passengers. It seems almost

incredible that, in this year of grace 1858, this official who acts on behalf of the nation as to all matters which concern its real property—namely, Mr. Howard, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests—should have dared to put a stop to all that healthy happiness. Yet so it is. Mr. Howard has sold, and sold for a trifling sum, all the Crown rights over Wanstead Forest, and it will ere long be enclosed and sold for building ground. Mr. Hanbury asked a question on the subject the other night in the House of Commons, but, the reply being of a somewhat evasive kind, public attention was not called to the matter. We have ascertained, however, that no other excuse can be offered for this reckless dereliction of duty than that Parliament had often grumbled at the extravagant expenditure and small receipts of the Woods and Forests; and so, being pound-foolish in other cases, it was thought a fine thing to be penny-wise here and there. Unhappily, we have not seen the end of the matter. A little beyond Wanstead is a hill called High Beech, covered with noble trees, and commanding a prospect from Harrow to Shooter's-hill. This, too, has been a favourite resort of the east-end Cockneys, but unless Mr. Howard's new zeal for petty savings be overruled by somebody's common sense, High Beech also will be sold for a sum not a hundredth part of the cost of the new park at Battersea. Such is red tape in the nineteenth century.

THE "ENTERTAINMENTS."

TO a Frenchman who surveys London life there is nothing more puzzling than the strong and permanent predilection of the respectable classes for that species of amusement to which, for want of a definite term, the word "Entertainment" in a restricted sense is applied. Why should people go night after night to hear one gentleman talk and sing, or a gentleman and lady sing and talk, when they have the opportunity of visiting theatres, where an interesting story is represented in action by a company of artists, with all the expedients of scenery, costume, and grouping to heighten the illusion? Histrionic art may not, indeed, be in a very flourishing condition; but an indifferent troop of actors can produce an excitement far beyond that which is caused by the pert song or flippant anecdote of the most accomplished monologist, who, proficient as he may be in the delineation of character, can at best only present a series of isolated personages connected by no plot, and developed by no incident. The most dramatic "Entertainment" is as far below the real drama as a collection of photographs in separate frames is below a grand historical picture.

If the taste for "Entertainments" were a mere passing caprice it might be accounted for like freaks in general. As now and then, in the course of the summer, people will prefer an uncomfortable picnic on the damp grass to an excellent dinner placed on a convenient table, so may we conceive a transient fancy to see one actor do the work of five or six. Four strings are as proper to a fiddle as two to a bow, but nevertheless Paganini's one string was attractive in its day. The "at home" of the late Mr. Mathews only took place once a year, and lasted but for a few weeks. Of the modern "Entertainment," on the other hand, permanence seems to be an essential attribute. While the nights occupied by the "run" of a successful drama are enumerated by units, the "Entertainer" counts his performances by hundreds. Plays are brought out, withdrawn, and forgotten; managerial dynasties succeed each other at various theatres; but the entertainment, save in a few details, remains unchanged and unchangeable—a practical refutation of the belief that popular favour is necessarily unstable.

If we set aside Mr. Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc" as being rather a descriptive lecture, humorously illustrated by song and anecdote, and pictorially illustrated by Mr. W. Beverley's pencil, than as an "Entertainment" strictly so called, we cannot avoid the conviction that all the "Entertainers" who have distinguished themselves in London for the last season or two would have been much more worthily occupied as actors at regular theatrical establishments than as mimics in "halls" and "galleries." There is fine high-comedy finish in Mrs. Reed's impersonations; but why have the finish without the comedy? Why should a decided talent prove attractive in proportion to the flimsiness of the material on which it is employed? Let it not be supposed that we are censuring Mrs. Reed, or any other proficient in the "entertaining" art. The lady in question is remarkable for a combination of the most varied natural gifts with the most varied accomplishments, and while "Entertainment" is in vogue, her "Popular Illustrations" are entitled to occupy the highest rank among popular amusements. But we cannot help regarding the great importance attached to this peculiar form of recreation, and the comparatively small importance attached to the drama, as the indication of a growing love for frivolity in the matter of amusement scarcely to be matched in any age. The "Entertainment" appeals to no sympathy; it exhibits no social collision; it stereotypes every character; it overlooks all that is serious and important in humanity; it has a sneer for everything that is sublime; it exalts everything that is trifling. It is not only of the earth earthy, but its earthiness wears the most unpoetical aspect. The rage for "Entertainments" belongs, in short, to that worship of petty reality which seems to stand between the young of the present day and everything like a lofty aspiration.

Strange to say, the ringleaders in the adoration of frivolity—

the high-priests in the service of the puny Baal—are the Puritans. There is not one rational objection to the drama that is not applicable with even greater force to the "Entertainment." If the assumption of character be sinful, surely Mr. Woodin, who becomes twenty personages in five minutes, must be in a frightful state of reprobation. If the adoption of female habiliments by the male, and vice versa, be an abomination, then are the generality of entertainments infinitely more abominable than the generality of plays, and poor Mr. Woodin, when he puts on flaxen ringlets and a lady's ball-dress, is proved, on a second count, to be the worst of delinquents. As for the vague charge of worldliness which is often brought against the stage, the atmosphere of the higher drama is a purely spiritual region compared with the crass, earth-exhaled fog that belongs to the entertainment. But the mass of men are governed by words, not principles; and as Archbishop Sancroft would not have scrupled to deprive James II. of his royal power, provided he could have allowed him to retain the name of "King," so the modern Puritan patronizes the "Entertainment," because it does not bear the name of "play."

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FAITHFUL in his attachment to the seventeenth century, M. Cousin has recently published a work* which furnishes most interesting illustrations of the state of society in France at that period, and forms a valuable sequel to the *Etudes sur les Femmes Illustres du Dix-septième Siècle* to which the reader's attention has more than once been called in our columns. We wish it were in our power to give M. Cousin credit for an attachment equally inviolate to those political principles which he was wont to advocate in earlier stages of his career. The tone of his remarks in the *Avant-propos* to these volumes on the existing political condition of France, betrays a complacent optimism not very creditable to the ex-Minister of a constitutional government. As will be seen from the title, M. Cousin has taken as the subject of this *Etude* the famous *Grand Cyrus* of Mademoiselle de Scudéry. This novel, which now appears so insipid and wearisome, was at one time, in spite of its ten volumes, greedily devoured and profusely extolled in every rank of French society. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was lying on every table and was the theme of every tongue. But during the eighteenth century, and even at the close of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, this work, on which a Sevigné had raved, had gone completely out of vogue, being little read and less admired. What was the cause of this sudden and seemingly capricious freak of a nation's taste? About eight years ago M. Cousin made a discovery at the *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal* which cleared up all mystery on this point. That old gossip, Tallement des Réaux, had intimated that there existed in his time a key to the *Grand Cyrus*, but M. Cousin discovered the key itself. He there found what he had long suspected to be the case, that the *Grand Cyrus* was an allegorical romance—that amid all the talk about Persia, Cappadocia, and Armenia, it was of France and of the worthies of France, her high-born dames, and men valiant in war, that the accomplished writer was all the time giving the portraiture. The contemporaries of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, simply because they were contemporaries, saw through the disguise; but succeeding generations, not having any clue to the allusions in which all the zest of the *Grand Cyrus* consisted, found the work most wearisome reading, and accordingly consigned it to oblivion and to dust. From that oblivion M. Cousin hopes to rescue it, by showing that it possesses an historical interest which more than compensates for the somewhat nauseous *fadou* of its love-sick sentimentalism. With this key in his hand he ushers us into a gallery of portraits in which we behold the seventeenth century taken from the life, in all its grades and aspects, from the highest aristocracy to the lower ranks of the *bourgeoisie*:—"Aussi présentons-nous avec assurance cette peinture de la vie et des mœurs de nos pères, parce qu'elle ne content quasi rien de nôtre, et qu'elle est bien moins notre ouvrage que celui d'une contemporaine parfaitement informée." M. Cousin does himself gross injustice when he says that these volumes contain little or nothing of his own; for without his elucidations and emendations, the *Clef de l'Artamène ou le Grand Cyrus* would be of feeble assistance to any modern reader of Mademoiselle de Scudéry. The author of that *Clef*, whoever he may have been, has followed no sort of method, but has jumbled together name upon name, so as to make a chaos, which it requires all M. Cousin's erudition to reduce to order. The first character to which our author applies his key is that of the heroine, Mandane, whom we find to be Madame de Longueville. Having already devoted an octavo volume to this "illustrious dame," M. Cousin now makes it his principal object to show with what magnanimous fidelity Mademoiselle de Scudéry and her brother clung to the fortunes of that ill-fated princess, even at the imminent peril of their own. The three following chapters are devoted to Condé

* *La Société Française au Dix-septième Siècle. D'après le "Grand Cyrus" de Mademoiselle de Scudéry.* Par M. Victor Cousin. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

—the man, the lover, and the captain—and to the three triumphs with which his name is associated—the siege of Dunkerque, and the battles of Lens and Rocroy. In the novel, Condé is Cyrus himself, while the exploits just enumerated are styled the siège of Cumæ, the battle of Thybarra, and that against the Massagete. With Lens and Rocroy M. Cousin deals at great length, both in the body of the work and in the Appendices. The fifth chapter is entitled "L'Aristocrate," and introduces us to a host of personages more or less famous who figure under various fictitious names in the *Grand Cyrus*. In the sixth and seventh chapters we find ourselves in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, in the presence of the Marquise, of her two daughters, and of the famous Angélique Paulet. As we open the second volume, we are still surrounded by the *habitués* of that illustrious *salon*. Madame de Sablé and Voiture, Malfauvel, Arnould de Corbeville (one of Condé's ablest lieutenants), Godeau, Conrart, and Chapelain—such are the principal characters on which M. Cousin endeavours to throw fresh light from the pages of the *Grand Cyrus*. The twelfth chapter takes us from the aristocratic gatherings of the Hôtel de Rambouillet to the somewhat humbler "Samedis"—as they were called—of Mademoiselle de Scudéry. This, and the two following chapters on the persons present and the subjects discussed at these Saturday *réunions* are peculiarly interesting, for they enable us to trace the gradual progress of that vitiated and maudlin taste which ultimately elicited from Molière a torrent of ridicule, which was never intended to be directed against the Hôtel de Rambouillet and the Rue de la Beauce in their palmy days. A few sketches of social life in the sixteenth chapter, and a mass of hitherto unedited correspondence in an Appendix, complete a work which is indispensable to any one who wishes to make himself familiar with one of the most famous epochs in French history.

It was a good idea of M. Livet's to publish a new edition of Pellisson's and D'Olivet's history of the *Académie Française*,* with such notes and elucidations as might supply what was wanting, and correct what was erroneous. Pellisson, it will be remembered, narrated the history, and enumerated the members of the Academy from its foundation to the year 1652. D'Olivet—a man of very inferior powers—undertook to carry it down to the year 1700. Their joint production has, for upwards of a century, remained undisputed master of this particular field of literary history—a position, we apprehend, from which it will not be dislodged till M. Villemain gives the world his long-expected *Histoire de l'Académie Française*. The object which M. Livet proposed to himself may be stated summarily in his own words:—"Offrir un bon texte de deux ouvrages précieux pour notre histoire littéraire; corriger des fautes accrues par des éditions successives; rectifier les erreurs échappées à des écrivains plus soigneux encore de leur style que de l'exactitude historique; éclaircir les points obscurs, et dans nos commentaires, ajouter aux deux récits tout ce qu'ils laissent à désirer l'un et l'autre." Of the amount of labour and ingenuity brought into play in the accomplishment of the task thus defined, nothing short of the actual perusal of these volumes can give an adequate idea. The *Appendices* and *Pièces Justificatives* annexed to both volumes are filled with matter of the highest interest, and do credit to the editor's judgment. The *Catalogue Académique*, at the end of the second volume, or list of works left by Academicians who died before the year 1700, is a very useful contribution to bibliography. The editor, in his preface, calls special attention to the criticisms by various members of the Academy on their colleague Pellisson's projected Introduction to the Dictionary. Some of these criticisms are very curious, as betraying an amount of healthy impatience of anything like fulsome eulogy which we should scarcely have expected to meet with at that period.

Some months ago we called the reader's attention to the two first volumes of a history of the Revolutions of Italy by M. Ferrari, known to fame as the editor and fervent disciple of Vico. We have now to announce the completion of this important work by the publication of two more volumes,† divided into five parts, entitled respectively, 1. *Les Tyrans* (1280—1313); 2. *Les Seigneurs* (1313—1378); 3. *Les Condottieri* (1378—1494); 4. *La Décadence des Seigneurs* (1494—1530); 5. *L'Italie moderne*. The general drift of this work was set forth in a former notice. The following extract, however, will be useful as an indication of the different revolutionary phases through which we are successively conducted by M. Ferrari. The author enters on a calculation of the number of revolutions of which Italy had been the theatre up to the time of Charles the Fifth, and he thus lays the basis or data of the problem:—"D'après l'histoire l'idéale toute ville traverse les neuf époques du comte, de l'évêque, des consuls, des podestats, des deux sécètes, des tyrans, des seigneurs, des Condottieri, et du protectorat espagnol. Voilà neuf révolutions, dans le sens le plus vaste: mais chaque époque se subdivise en plusieurs phases, chaque phase enfante son gouvernement, chaque gouvernement éssuie le feu d'une réaction pontificale ou impériale, et enfin chaque réaction éssuie à son tour le feu d'une nouvelle insurrection qui rétablit son gouvernement toujours plus victorieux." Combining these data with the

number of revolutionary centres throughout the peninsula, 172 in number, M. Ferrari arrives at the "chiffre paradoxalement pourtant très-ffaibli de sept mille deux cent vingt-quatre révoltes." There is something so racy, manly, and original in these volumes, that we are apt to forget the unsoundness which attaches to an historian who looks upon all his facts through the coloured spectacles of a preconceived theory and an ideal formula. We should call especial attention to the passages on Ariosto and Machiavelli in volume iv., p. 238, &c.

The new volume of Didot's *Biographie Générale** is one of the best that have yet appeared. Of all the careers which it recounts, few are chequered with such strange adventures, or crowned with such well-won scientific fame, as that of the editor, Dr. Hoefer. The writer of his biography regrets that modesty compelled that gentleman to cut out a great part of his article, but what remains is sufficient to corroborate the opinion we had previously formed of the skill with which Dr. Hoefer discharges a task which requires capacity of no ordinary kind. The lives of Henry the Eighth and of Henri Quatre are executed by Emile de Bonnechose and Amédée René respectively. Herbert of Cherbury is treated at great length, and with great fairness by M. Isambert. Wretchedly meagre is the notice of George Herbert by an individual who signs himself Z. This is not surprising; for nothing, we conceive, could be more opposed to French taste than Herbert's poems. M. Taillandier is everything we could wish à propos of Herder. His varied knowledge of German literature has here done him good service. Dr. Hoefer, in an article of thirty columns on William Herschel, gives an able analysis of all Herschel's Memoirs in the *Philosophical Transactions*. We must also draw attention to the excellent article on Hipparchus by the same author. M. Victor Fournel, in his article on Hesnault, has done well to quote the famous sonnet known by the name of *L'Avorton*; but he would have done better still if he had informed his readers that there exist different versions of that sonnet, and had mentioned from what quarter he had taken the one he quotes. One of the gems of the volume is the article on Hippocrates by Dr. Daremberg. With the exception perhaps of M. Littré, no man in France had so good a right to be heard as the learned editor of Oribasius, and of the *Œuvres choisies d'Hippocrate*.

We have before us the second volume of the new edition of Rabelais, by MM. Burgaud des Mares and Rathéry, to which we called attention last year. This volume completes the work; but we are glad to find from the preface to the apocryphal fifth book that the editors contemplate making some further contributions to Rabelaisian literature. So many bibliographical problems are involved in the history and authorship of Pantagruel, that we should be curious to see their solution attempted by men of whose acumen and erudition these volumes furnish such a favourable specimen. Appended to the Pantagruel are various letters, poems, and other opuscula, by Maître François. A carefully executed Lexicon of Rabelais would be an invaluable addition to the history of the French language. We hope that M. Burgaud des Mares and his colleague will bear it in mind.

Another product of literary partnership is the history of Marie-Antoinette by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt.‡ It is a charming book in every respect, alike from the interest of the theme and the merits of the execution. As we follow the fortunes of the unhappy queen, from her first arrival in France to the fatal day when she was murdered on the scaffold, we find our interest in the narrative rise higher and higher, till it is difficult to lay the book down. We have never yet met with so lucid an account of the famous affair of the diamond necklace which brought such unmerited calumny on Marie-Antoinette. With becoming taste M.M. Goncourt have abandoned on this occasion that somewhat jaunty style which characterized their *Portraits Intimes du Dix-neuvième Siècle*. They seem to have neglected no opportunity of consulting the best sources, whether in manuscript or in type. The perusal of this work has left on our mind a strong impression of the truth of Napoleon's saying respecting Marie-Antoinette:—"La reine—le seul homme de sa famille."

M. Sutter has recently published a work on the philosophy of the Fine Arts, which has met with the approval, *quantum valeat*, of the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*.§ The introduction, consisting of a sketch of the rise and progress of painting from the earliest time, gave us anything but a favourable impression of the book. Nothing could be more bald or jejune than the author's appreciation of the different schools of painting which he had to pass under review. But when we got more into the body of the work our dissatisfaction vanished; for though there is nothing very new or very deep in any of M. Sutter's observations, he has a way of putting familiar things which fascinates the reader—so clear and concise is his style. The opening chapters treat of the

* *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. Tome xxiv. (Hennert—Holopha.) Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *Œuvres de Rabelais*. Collationnées pour la première fois sur les Editions Originales, accompagnées de Notes nouvelles, et imprimées d'après l'Orthographe des Anciens Textes, par MM. Burgaud des Mares et Rathéry. Tome ii. Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ *Histoire de Marie-Antoinette*. Par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs. 1858.

§ *Philosophie des Beaux-Arts, appliquée à la Peinture*. Par D. Sutter. Ouvrage approuvé par l'Académie Impériale des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Tarieu. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

* *Histoire de l'Académie Française*. Par Pellisson et D'Olivet; avec une Introduction, des Eclaircissements, et Notes, par M. Ch. L. Livet. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Histoire des Révoltes d'Italie*. Par J. Ferrari. Tomes iii. et iv. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

utility of the Fine Arts, of genius, of the connexion between moral and intellectual perfection, of ideal beauty, of grace and taste, and, lastly, of the author's own theory of beauty, which has nothing new in it, but is worthy of attention from the neatness and lucidity of the illustrations respecting unity and variety as the two conditions of aesthetic beauty. The second part opens with some useful considerations on character and passion as indicated by gesture and attitude, and on superficial anatomy; and it then branches off into a discussion of the laws of composition on the one hand, and of different styles of painting on the other. The third part treats of colour, aerial perspective, light and shadow, chiaroscuro and drawing. M. Sutter has evidently been a close and careful student of the best works of the best masters, especially as regards the laws of composition. We fancy, as we read some of his remarks on that subject, that we could name the particular picture in the Louvre which suggested them.

M. Aroux, who has written several works on Dante with the view to establish the somewhat novel theory that the great Florentine was an apostle of Albigensian doctrines—a heretic in disguise—has recently endeavoured to extend his theory to all the minstrelsy of the age of chivalry. In the work now before us,* he considers that he has established the following positions:—1. That Albigensianism exercised on the march of the human mind and on the progress of events in Europe, after the tenth century, an influence far deeper than has been generally supposed. 2. That the Albigenses appropriated Neo-Platonic doctrines, and interwove them on the one hand with the Scriptures and the whole body of Catholic theology—on the other, with the local traditions and legends of saint or hero current in quarters where their apostles penetrated. 3. That through Albigensianism theories of platonian love made their way from the south to the north of France, to Spain, Italy, England, and Germany, and so gave birth to the chivalry of love. 4. That this high-flown conception of knightly ardour and devotion never had any real existence in the middle ages. Those submissive lovers and immaculate dames were nothing more than a platonian fiction set on foot by the minstrels of a Christian but anti-Catholic community as a tool of propaganda. In other words—"La chevalerie amoureuse, utopie basée sur l'Evangile, fut opposée par les Albigéens à la chevalerie féodale, violente, brutale, oppressive et corrompue." 5. That the *chantres d'amour* of Provence were the first to cultivate poetry in the vulgar tongue, and to compose *romans de Gestes* for the purpose of embodying in allegory the deeds and triumphs of their missionaries, called *Bonshommes* and *Parfaits* by the initiated, and *Troubadours* by the world. These romances were a kind of official record of the sayings and doings of the Albigensian Church; and, rapidly translated into the language of every country where that sect numbered any followers, they served as models for those compositions of a like kind which we meet with in other parts of Europe. 6. That from this Albigensian and Provencal school is descended that of the court under Frederick II., and the whole of the great Italian school. We offer no opinion on the success which has attended M. Aroux in this undertaking; but, whatever be the goodness of his cause, the ingenuity, learning, and acumen shown in its defence entitle the author to an impartial and attentive hearing.

In a goodly octavo volume of 700 pages MM. Didot have given us the first authentic and complete edition of Voiture's works.† Few authors have suffered such grievous wrong at the hands of negligent editors. On the first publication of Voiture's works, prudence rendered necessary a liberal use of asterisks. With the aid of Tallement des Réaux, the present editor M. Roux has been enabled to substitute for these nearly one hundred names. The care and diligence with which he has executed his task render this volume a very valuable acquisition to a library in which French literature has any place. We cannot say much for M. Roux's *Vie de Voiture*. The "père de l'ingénieuse badinerie," as Tallement styled him, needed a biographer of a congenial tone of mind.

THE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.‡

THE most valuable collection of ballad poetry ever published, with the exception of Percy's *Reliques*, was Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and, with the omission of some modern imitations and apocryphal versions, the greater number of his ballads will be found in the present publication, which has the advantage of a convenient and compendious form. Mr. Aytoun's preface will explain his reasons for a new collation and selection, and at the same time will supply those who are curious in such matters with full information on the bibliography of the subject. It would be well worth the while of a clever writer, who is at the same time a genuine admirer of ballad poetry, to avoid an affectation of colloquial inaccuracy which disfigures his critical style. It is indecorous and absurd to speak of "the pilfering of the material for the purposes of transmogrification;" and when a writer says that "it humbly appears to me" that certain arguments are fallacious, he transfers the humility which

* *Les Mystères de la Chevalerie et de l'Amour Platonique au Moyen Age.* Par E. Aroux. Paris: Tardieu. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Oeuvres de Voiture.* Paris: Didot. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *The Ballads of Scotland.* Edited by William Edmonstone Aytoun, D.C.L., 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

he intends to profess from himself to the subject of his discourse. The idiom might be illustrated by many strange propositions of the same form, such as—"Homer humbly appears to me to be great," "Mont Blanc humbly looks high," "Thraso, with unfeigned deference, seems in the play to bluster." Mr. Aytoun's preference for ballads over the higher forms of poetry ought not to blind him to the indispensable condition of polish in any composition which is intended for permanence.

The Scotch ballads are far superior to any of the legendary poetry of Western or Central Europe. Many of them are humorous, many are pathetic, and if some of the historical narratives are prosaic and tedious, the fault lies rather with the perseverance of editors than with poets who never expected to survive when the exploits of their heroes had ceased to be interesting. Metre, which is the indispensable basis and test of poetry, is naturally used in the absence or scarcity of written literature as a convenient aid to memory. The authors of *As in Præsenti* and of *Propria qua Maribus* have effected their objects for many successive generations without any great effort of imagination, and in the absence of especially musical rhythm; but if the genders of nouns and the conjugations of verbs became as obsolete as the skirmishes of Gaelic barbarians in the twelfth or sixteenth century, the ballad poetry of the Latin grammar would probably be eliminated from future editions. Much allowance must, however, be made for enthusiastic editors who may probably be at the same time zealous Scottish patriots; and Mr. Aytoun may perhaps find historical interest, if not poetical beauty, in the dreary record of the Battle of Harlaw and of such heroes as—

Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
The much renowned Laird of Drum,
None in his days were better seen,
When they were sembled all and some.

It may be useful to know that this action between an Earl of Mar and a Lord of the Isles was fought—

In July, on Saint James his even
That four and twenty dismal day,
Twelve hundred, ten score, and eleven,
Of years sin' Christ, the sooth to say:
Men will remember as they may
When thus the veritis they knew
And mony a man may mourn for aye
The brim battil of the Harlaw.

Two centuries later, a not less straightforward bard recounts an invasion of the country of the Gordons by Argyll:—

Then every man himself did arm
To meet MacCullum Moore,
Unto Strathdour who did great harm
The Wodensday before.
As lions do pur lambs devour
Wi' bludie teeth and nails,
They brent the biggings, took the store,
Syne slew the people's scells.

The concluding summary of the purpose and process of the chivalric wars of the Highlands is almost as accurate and compendious as Mr. Peacock's admirable war song in the *Misfortunes of Elphin*:—

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition,
We met a force and quelled it.
We took a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

But the old Scotch ballad-singer possessed little of the wit, and nothing of the musical ear which distinguishes the modern humourist.

Dull narratives of this kind fortunately occupy but a small portion of Mr. Aytoun's pleasant little volumes. "Sir Patrick Spens," "Young Tamlane," "True Thomas," "Helen of Kirkconnell" are true poems, as welcome to cultivated imagination as to rude and primitive belief. Even the commonplace formulas of the Scotch ballads are fanciful and touching; nor would any dull school of minstrels have disposed of successive lovers and their ladies in the well-known cemetery with its typical aftergrowth:—

They buried him in St. Mary's Kirk,
Her in St. Mary's quire,
And out of her grave grew a red, red rose,
And out of his a briar.

And they twa met, and they twa plait,
And fair they wad be near,
And a' the world might ken right well,
They were twa lovers dear.

The elopements and pursuits, however, which generally lead to this tragical conclusion, are much more common in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy* than in Mr. Aytoun's more limited collection. The lady who never shed one tear

Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting who loved her dear,

has no place in the present volumes. The subject—common to the ballad-poetry of all countries—of a lover of apparently low degree, who is discovered after the wedding to be noble and wealthy, is illustrated by Donald of the Isles, who carries on his

wooing in disguise, and by the rustic bride, who teases Earl Richard with a humorous and malicious playfulness:—

And when they came to Marykirk,
The nettles grew on the dyke;
"Gin my suld carline mother were here," she says,
"Sae weel she wad you pyke—
Sae weel she wad you pyke;" she says,
"She wad you pyke and pu—
She wad boil you weel, and butter you weel,
And sup till she were fu."

It is evident that the poet entered with real enjoyment into the lady's playful exaggeration of her own assumed coarseness, and there is much humour in the unanswerable repartee to Earl Richard's natural expression of indignant disgust:—

"Oh, haud your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will break in three;
"And sae did mine on you bonnie hillside,
Where ye wadna let me be."

In this ballad, the knot which might have been solved by ordinary machinery provokes the supernatural intervention of the "Billy Blin," a friendly goblin, who is characteristically represented as impatient of the quarrel in which the discordant couple are wasting the night:—

It's up then spak the Billy Blin
From the corner where he lay;
"What gars ye twa keep haivering on
Sae lang or it be day?
Let a body rest," said the Billy Blin,
"The aye may serve the other;
The Earl of Stockford's ae daughter,
And the Queen of Scotland's brother."

The human dislike of unseasonable noise, the highly civilized appreciation of suitable worldly position, and above all the whimsical designation of himself as "a body," give the Billy Blin an indescribable reality which belongs only to medieval and northern mythology. Naiads and Hamadryads were but graceful abstractions in comparison with the domestic spirits who, in England and Scotland, identified themselves with the ordinary life and occupations of a commonplace household. Even the supernatural world enters into closer relations at the fireside than in the woods or round the fountains of the South. The demonic element which theology associated with elves and fairies, is indicated by the mysterious necessity of paying a teind to hell at the end of every seven years in the person of the fairest of their company. In "Young Tamlane" the Queen of the Fairies appears as a willing accomplice in the sacrifice, and in "Thomas of Erciloune" she desires only to save her earthly favourite from the flattery doom:—

Thou art a fair man and a heide;
I trow full well he would choose thee.

In "True Thomas," when the travellers reach a desert on the bounds of the known and of the unknown world, they see the broad road of wickedness, and the narrow and thorny road of righteousness, "though after it but few inquires;" and there is also a third road unknown to the Scriptures:—

That is the way to fair elf-land,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

O they rode on and further on,
And they waded through rivers abune the knee,
And they saw neither the sun nor the moon,
But they heard the roaring of a sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae stern-light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth,
Runs through the springs o' that countrie.

The preponderance of allegory, and the elaborate fancifulness of this ballad, indicate a poet of no mean capacity, though at the same time of comparatively recent date; but the traditional gift which the Fairy Queen bestowed on the rhymer is recorded with the humour, if not with the simplicity, which belongs to the older form of the legend:—

Syn they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,
It will give thee the tongue that will never lie."
"My tongue is my ain," True Thomas, he said.
"A gudeley gift ye wad gie to me,
I neither docht to buy nor sell
At fair or tryste, where I might be."
"I docht neither speak to prince nor peer,
Nor ask for grace from fair ladye."
"Now hold thy tongue, Thomas," she said,
"For as I say so must it be."

The last stanza is old and genuine:—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon o' the velvet green,
And till seven years were come and gane
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Mr. Aytoun is less liberal than Sir Walter Scott in his provision of the interesting records of Border history which turn principally on the exploits and rescues of heroes who won their fame by stealing horses and cows. The blind harper of Lochmaben exhibited a skill worthy of an Arab in carrying off King Henry's brown horse, by tying him to his own grey mare's tail, after shutting up her foal at home. The lamentations which

induce the plundered King of England to pay for the harper's supposed losses must have been thoroughly amusing to a sympathizing Scotch audience:—

"Come, haud thy tongue, thou silly blind harper,
And of thy naicing let me be;
For thou shalt get a better mare,
And weel paid thy cowt foal shall be."

The rescue of Kinmont Willie has all the spirit, gaiety, and indifference to life which befits a successful adventure in a society little encumbered with law. There is the true ring of ballad-poetry in the excuses which Buccleuch's successive bands allege to "Fause Sakelde" for their presence on the English side of the Border. The first body is going to hunt an English stag which has trespassed in Scotland; the masons with ladders who follow are going to harry a corbie's nest; the third band incur stronger suspicions by their rough appearance:—

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men,"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come, tell to me,"
Now Dickie o' Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of leir had he.
"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand! quo' he;
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance through his fause bodie.

The practical substitute which the unlearned Dickie provides for his defective rhetoric is illustrated by the perfect indifference with which the poet, after mentioning the exploit, passes on to the more important part of his narrative. The hopelessness of the prisoner is not without a touch of pathos:—

O I sleep saft, and I wake saft,
It's lang syn sleeping was fleyed frae me.
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speer for me.

But his spirits instantly rise when his comrade lifts him with all his weight of irons on his back:—

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've ridden a horse baith wild and coud,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode."

The best and wildest war-song in Sir Walter Scott's collection was probably omitted by Mr. Aytoun as belonging to the English Border, yet it would have been almost worth his while for once to compromise his nationality in honour of the gallant lady who leaves "five-and-twenty owsen" in her homestead at night to find in the morning only

a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs on ilka side.
Fie lads, shout a', a', a',
My gear's a' game.

Not, however, without a struggle, for although

ye may ken
The place was right short of men,

yet—

Toppet Hob o' the Mains had guestened in my house by chance,
And I set him to weir the fore-door with the spear
While I kept the back-door with the lance.

Nor was revenge likely to be long delayed—

For my gude son Peenie is out at the Haybut Head,
His een glittering for anger like a fiery gled,
Crying make sure the nuiks
O' Magus mair cruiks,
For the wily Scot takes by hooks, nooks, and crooks.
Gin we a' meet together in a head the morn,
We'll be a' merry men—
Fie lads shout, a', a', a',
My gear's a' gone.

The domestic and treacherous murders which filled so large a place in the private history of Scotland had not altogether lost their horror in the familiar frequency of their occurrence. Even in Scotch minds the assassination of a parent or the poisoning of a lover called out, at least in poetic literature, a profound and tragic indignation. "Lord Ronald," called by Scott "Lord Randal," is one of the most impressive ballads in the collection. The young man urges his mother to make his bed, because "he is weary with hunting and fain would lie down;" and as he tells her in answer to her anxious questions, that he had dined with his true love, and that his bloodhounds had died, the truth becomes evident even before his final avowal:—

"Oh, I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Ronald, my son,
Oh, I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young mon."
"Oh yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

The deepest note which is sounded in any Scotch ballad may be found in a poem which is common to almost all Northern languages, where the guilty mother, demanding of her son why his brand is so red, refuses to believe that it was with the blood of his hawk or of his horse, and at last extorts the confession that he has slain his father, and the avowal of his determination to cross the sea never to return:—

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
That were so fair to see, O?"
"O they may stand till they down fa',
Mither, mither,
O, they may stand till they down fa',
For here never mair maun I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O?"
"The waird's room; let them beg through life,
Mither, mither,
The waird's room; let them beg through life,
For them never mair will I see, O."
"And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell to me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me ye shall bear,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me ye shall bear,
Sae ill ye guided me, O."

When to the poetical treasures contained in Mr. Aytoun's volumes are added the exquisite songs which are known by the imitations and restorations of Burns, the fertile genius of the rude inhabitants of Scotland may well excite wonder and admiration. Diverted from graceful studies by a crabbed sectarianism, and admitted by the Union to a share in the profitable industry of England, the same hardy race has since proved its innate vigour by success in every practical department of human activity; but the old national ballads still constitute the most undisputed claim which Scotland can put forward to superiority over every rival. With similar models of romantic and lyrical narrative to compare with the totally different forms of epic poetry, even German critics could scarcely have invented the preposterous paradox that the *Iliad* was a compilation of ballads.

ROMAN SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTIONS.*

THIS little work originated, as the writer tells us, in two papers read before the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. They were intended to direct the attention of the members to the monuments preserved in their own museum—to inscriptions pertaining to the Roman occupants of Britain; but these are themselves so few and meagre that Mr. Kenrick has naturally been led to diverge into the general field of Roman antiquity—to show how "the labours of the antiquary connect themselves with the history of manners, institutions, and opinions." The remains of antiquity, as he truly says, are now studied with more enlarged views than in former times. The intense self-consciousness of our age is bent on comparing itself with the ages that have gone before; and we study history, recent and remote, in the same spirit of comparison, straining every faculty to represent to ourselves, to realize—the expressive word we have coined for the purpose—the life of earlier generations.

It would be strange, however, if the remains of Roman antiquity in this island—one of the most distant and latest acquired possessions of the declining Empire—should present, after more than one conquest, and the lapse of fifteen centuries, a very vivid or complete memorial of the Imperial civilization. The medals, the inscriptions, the camps, the roads, the buildings, in which the records of the Roman occupation are to be read in this country, are like the books offered by the Sibyl to Tarquin. Year by year they have been presented to the notice of successive generations—year by year they have suffered loss and mutilation—but still their value seems to grow as their number and magnitude diminish. It is mortifying to think how much of them has been lost to us even in our own days—certainly within a period which might have been expected to display an intelligent interest in them. The fragments of Roman antiquity still standing at St. Albans and Wroxeter have diminished sensibly within the memory of man. The Picts' wall, to which attention has been drawn at least since the time of Horsley, has suffered considerably within the last century. The walls of Colchester, still one of the most extensive fragments of Roman antiquity north of the Alps, were probably almost complete only two hundred years ago, when they resisted the memorable siege by Fairfax. Our mediæval writers, from Bede to Malmesbury and Higden, speak with admiration of the size and splendour of the Roman remains which continued for a thousand years to cover the land; and there seems reason to believe that throughout this long period our island continued to be more distinguished by these memorials of the Empire than any of its Continental provinces.

The circumstances which have combined to effect this result seem to have been principally two. In the first place, we may remark that the conquest of Britain, which was hardly completed in two centuries, was a work of much longer time, and more chequered by changes and reverses, than that of Northern Italy, of Gaul, or of the German provinces. This may serve to account for the far greater abundance of Roman camps and other military works in Britain than elsewhere—works constructed on such a scale, and maintained with so much care, as to defy for ages the assaults of time, and even the destroying influences of a later civilization. But even the temples, halls, and private buildings of the Romans seem to have enjoyed, as we have said, a longer immunity here than elsewhere. The Saxons, their next successors in the inheritance of conquest, seem to have been peculiarly indifferent to living in towns. It has been supposed by Mr. Kemble and other inquirers, that when they settled in our woods and on our plains, and erected their fragile villages in the centre of the

gau or mark, they left the unwarlike Briton in occupation of the walled towns, which they had not perhaps the means of besieging; and when they eventually secured a lodgment within them, it was by the natural result of peaceful intercourse, and not by forcible means or destructive operations. Hence, perhaps, the number of cities we possess still retaining, after fifteen centuries, the type of the old stationary encampment. These regularly formed enclosures, divided generally crosswise by two straight thoroughfares leading to the principal gates, with the cathedral rising in one of the rectangles—possibly on the spot where the chapel of the legionary eagles once graced the pro-consular prætorium—so conspicuous a feature as they are of Romano-British life, are almost wholly unknown in any other province of the Empire. Even now most of these *chesteræ* exhibit fragments of Roman masonry in their public and private buildings, if not in the remains of their fortifications; and such buildings, many of them of no very early date, would seem to have been constructed at a time when masses of old materials were standing ready for the spoiler. The original edifices had been so long spared only because the imperfect civilization of the Saxon and early Norman, content with its wigwams of clay and wattles, had as yet no need of them. For it may be regarded as certain that peace is in this respect far more destructive than war. It was to the period of peace and progress, of cultivation and building, which distinguished the era of our first Edwards and their next successors—to the flourishing interval between the wars of the Barons and the wars of the Roses—that we owe the most sweeping overthrow of the monuments of Roman occupation.

Of sepulchral inscriptions, the special subject of the little volume before us, it may be remarked that they enter more into particulars, and exhibit more marks of tenderness and sentiment, as the usage of burying gradually supplants that of burning the remains of mortality. We can perceive a reason for this in the nature of things. The practice of burning indicated, no doubt, either the natural hardness of a state of barbarism, or the acquired and enforced self-control of a heathenish philosophy. Natural affection seeks to perpetuate, to preserve—to leave at least to the laws of nature—the remains of the object dear to it. And the fact that these remains are known to be still thus preserved beneath the soil suggests and fosters ideas, however indistinct, of a resurrection, which overflow in reminiscences of love and tenderness. The practice of burying was beginning already, from the force of circumstances, to supersede that of burning in the first ages of Christianity; and we can well believe that it assisted in no slight degree in recommending to the Roman world the doctrine of immortality. In Italy and the more populous parts of the Empire, the custom of burning would die out almost necessarily with the disappearance of the aboriginal forests and the increasing expense of the funeral pyre. In the wilder provinces, such as Britain, it would still continue to linger. Hence the extreme meagreness of British inscriptions, compared with those of Italy and other more reclaimed and favoured districts. Another reason for the paucity and brevity of Romano-British inscriptions may be found in our comparative deficiency in stone. There are large tracts in this country, especially in the eastern districts, in which no Roman inscriptions have been found at all—these being precisely the regions where materials for the purpose are wholly wanting. No such memorials of the Roman occupation have been found, for instance, in Colchester, which in other respects is one of the richest of all our repositories of Roman antiquity. None, we believe, have been found in the remains, so nearly perfect, of military stations which lie between Yarmouth and Beachy Head on the "Saxon shore." Even in much later times, the same cause has operated with the same result. Our east-country churchyards are singularly deficient in monuments two centuries, or even one century old. Stone there was none; and wood, if wood were used, has rapidly perished. The graveyards of our south-midland counties, Berks, Wilts, Oxford, &c., are far richer in antiquity than those of Norfolk, Suffolk, or Essex, and give at first sight the impression, which of course is merely fallacious, of the earlier settlement and civilization of those parts of the country.

The sepulchral inscriptions of Roman Britain being thus scanty and uninteresting, Mr. Kenrick has extended the immediate object of his lectures so as to illustrate the manners and ideas of Roman antiquity from a more general survey of this class of monuments. He selects specimens from the vast collections of Gruter, Reinesius, and Fabretti, which are now made more accessible in the admirable compendium of Orelli and Henzen, to illustrate the customary addresses to travellers to pause and read, to respect the sacredness of the spot, to abstain from scribbling upon the monument. He remarks on the protests against alienation by heirs—the commemorative rites—the frequent mention of the causes of death—the complaints, similar to those in our rustic churchyards, of the ineffectiveness of medicine. He further seeks to draw some inferences regarding the apparently low average of human life, and to examine the light in which death was commonly regarded—the wavering denials, surmises, hopes, and anticipations of immortality. We think him both wise and charitable in his interpretation of such phrases as *Domus aeterna*, *Quies aeterna*, and others of the kind, which he does not regard as necessarily denying the belief in a future existence. Similar expressions are found in the early Christian sepulchres, and have been repeated, as we know,

* *Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions.* By John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A. London. 1858.

in more modern times. It is possible that they refer only to the body, and the hope that it may never be disturbed in its place of rest. It is natural also, as he says, to regard the grave as a place of repose from the pains and sufferings of this life, without believing it to be the be-all and end-all of man's history. And such is the interpretation we would put upon Tennyson's tender lines, which have given unnecessary offence:—

Sleep to the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or strange;
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

We cannot, however, extend this indulgence to the Epicurean sentiments which are sometimes thrust in our faces, such as *Amici, dum vivimus, vivamus; Quod comedis et ebibi tantum meum est; and Hic secum habet omnia.* Few, perhaps, of our readers are aware that certain pithy verses quoted on a recent occasion in Parliament are engraved on a Roman sepulchre:—

Balnea, vina, Venus, corrumpt corpora nostra;
Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vina, Venus.

On the whole, this little essay of a veteran scholar makes no pretensions to originality, nor does it throw any special light on the general subject of Roman antiquity. There is some novelty, however, in the discovery to which it refers of the existence of burial clubs among the Romans, precisely on the plan of those which have gained no very favourable notoriety among ourselves. The account Mr. Kenrick gives of it—we will spare the reader the Latin inscription from which he takes it—is sufficiently curious to be transcribed:—

As I have not seen the existence of burial clubs among the Romans noticed in any work on Roman antiquities, I will give some extracts from the monument referred to. It was found at Lanuvium, a town of ancient fame for the worship of Juno Sospita, about nineteen miles from Rome, on the Via Appia. The inhabitants of this town appear, out of flattery towards the Emperor Hadrian, in whose reign the marble was erected, to have formed themselves into a college for paying divine honours to Diana and Antinous; a singular combination, which shows at once the degraded condition of the people, and the heartless formality of the established religion, which could be prostituted to such a purpose. The privilege of forming a college—or as we should say, a body corporate—was most sparingly conceded, and most jealously restricted under the Emperors, who dreaded all secret associations as nurseries of treason. With this primary object of forming a college of the *Cultores Diana et Antinoi*, they combined that of a burial club, not forgetting the festivities which formed so important a part of all acts of religion among the Romans. To prevent disputes, the laws of the association were inscribed on marble, and probably set up in the temple of the two deities.

An amphora of good wine was to be presented to the club by a new member; the sum of one hundred sestertes [about 15s.] to be paid as entrance money, and five *asses* [little more than 2d.] per month as subscription. Their meetings were not to take place oftener than once a month. If any one omitted payment for . . . months (the marble is here mutilated) no claim could be made, even though he had directed it by will. In case of the death of one who had paid his subscription regularly, three hundred sestertes [1L 5s.] were allotted for his funeral expenses, out of which, however, fifty were to be set apart for distribution at the cremation of the body. The funeral was to be a walking one. If any one died more than twenty miles from Lanuvium, and his death was announced, three delegates from the college were to repair to the place where he had died, to perform his funeral, and render an account of it to the people. Fraud was to be punished by a fourfold fine. Twenty sestertes each were to be allowed the delegates for travelling expenses, going and returning. If the death had taken place at more than twenty miles from Lanuvium, and no notice had been sent, the person who had performed the funeral was to send a sealed certificate, attested by seven Roman citizens, on the production of which the usual sum for the expenses was to be granted. If a member of the college had left a will, only the heir named in it could claim anything. If he died intestate, the *quinquennales*, or magistrates, of the municipium, and the people generally, were to direct how the funeral should take place. If any member of the college in the condition of a slave should die, and his body, through the unjust conduct of his master or mistress, should not be given up for burial, his funeral should be celebrated by his bust being carried in procession. No funeral of a suicide was to take place. There are many other rules tending to preserve order and promote good fellowship, but these are all which relate to the burial club. . . . This curious document affords an additional proof how much ancient life is found to resemble the modern, when we gain an insight into its interior through the medium of its monuments.

THE OXONIAN IN THELEMARKEN.*

If people would only have the honesty to confess it, one of the great pleasures of travelling is talking about it afterwards. "On ne voyageait pas sur le mer," says Pascal, "pour le seul plaisir de voir sans esperance d'en jamais communiquer," and he characteristically sets this down to the score of our vanity. But a more charitable, if not more philosophical, explanation would be, that we are simply treating ourselves to a little supplementary satisfaction—a sort of *rechauffée*, so to speak, of past enjoyment. The very grievances that we grumbled over at the time form pleasant subjects for contemplation when they have ceased to annoy us. We may be pretty sure that even Ulysses liked sitting in his dressing-gown by the fire of a night, and chatting to Penelope about his foreign adventures—the portions referring to Circe and Calypso being of course omitted. For this reason we ought, as a general rule, to extend greater indulgence to books of travel than to other works. In most cases the author writes far more for his own delectation than for our amusement or instruction. If we benefit by his labours, so much the better—if not, as the philosophical navigator said of his wife's blows, they amuse him, and they don't hurt us. The only instance,

perhaps, in which leniency is wrong, is in dealing with one who is obviously not a *bond fide* traveller—one who goes somewhere for the same reason that Tom Sheridan had for wishing to descend a coal-mine—just to say he has been there. He has no excuse—he has not enjoyed himself, and is by no means likely to give enjoyment to his readers.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Metcalfe is not a traveller of this latter class. Even if his first work, the *Oxonian in Norway*, did not speak for the genuineness of his enthusiasm, the character of the country he chooses for the scene of his wanderings, and his returning there year after year, would be sufficient to stamp him as a *bond fide* traveller in our sense of the phrase. Norway is not quite the land for the feather-bed tourist who goes to do sights and get up useful knowledge in the way of information on the relative merits of hotels. Nor is it now so difficult of approach as to render a journey thither anything but a very moderate exploit. Occasionally, it is true, a dubious specimen of the Cockney traveller may be met with—as, for example, the adventurous Englishman who, as Mr. Metcalfe was informed, "did" the Vöring Foss in an india-rubber boat, after the following fashion. "A man who was with him told me he held the boat tight by a rope, while the Briton paddled over the pool. Arrived there, without looking at the stupendous column which rose from where he was to the clouds, or rather did *vice versa*, he pulled out of his pocket a small pot of white paint, and forthwith commenced painting his initials on the rock, to prove, as he said, that he had been there." But on the whole, Norway possesses few attractions for travellers of this sort, and is in consequence comparatively free from them, which very likely is among the causes of Mr. Metcalfe's affection for it. A more determined foe to conventionality than our author, and a more gushing eulogium of primitive simplicity than his preface, we have seldom had the good fortune to meet with. He almost works himself into a passion with "Mr. Bowbells," on the supposition that that representative gentleman is too ardent an admirer of civilization. The members of civilized society, he assures him, are as like one another as the counters on a draft-board. The same type keeps repeating itself with sickening monotony, like the patterns of paper-hangings. He asks him what he means by preferring "an aviary full of highly educated song-birds to the gay untutored melody of the woods poured forth for a bird's own gratification or that of its mate," and winds up with an invitation to come to Norway and "forget for a while the eternal willow-pattern crockery of home." The fact of the matter is, that Mr. Metcalfe cannot help going to Norway when the summer comes round, and cannot refrain from writing about it when he comes home; and, fancying that some people may look upon such a course of proceeding as singular, or charge him with a "damnable iteration," he thinks it necessary to vindicate himself in this manner.

With most readers his *Thelemarken* will not be as popular as his *Norway*. One of the best points about the latter book was the way in which it reflected the enjoyment felt in visiting a new country. But Norway is no longer new ground to Mr. Metcalfe. He is as hearty as ever apparently, but his heartiness is not nearly so infectious as of yore; and as if conscious of a certain deficiency in freshness, he tries to make up for it by a jocularity which occasionally becomes tiresome. Besides this, he has almost abandoned the salmon and the reindeer and the ptarmigan, and has taken to fishing for ballads and hunting up legends and nursery rhymes instead. For this, no doubt, he deserves all praise; but, unfortunately, the nobler game seems to have been shy, and more skilful sportsmen have been at work before him, so that the bag he has made is not in any way remarkable. As every one must have observed who has travelled in countries where the primitive simplicity of the people is preserved, it is extremely difficult for the stranger to possess himself of any of the local folk-lore. From diffidence and a dread of ridicule, the native is always reserved with regard to traditions, superstitions, songs, and such matters. Whatever may be his own respect for them, he always suspects they will sound absurdly in the ear of the foreigner, and takes fright at an inquisitiveness which he attributes to a spirit of mockery. Mr. Metcalfe's indifferent success is no doubt owing to this, for he certainly cannot be charged with want of perseverance. Everywhere he goes we find him asking after the trolls and bauta stones and stories of the neighbourhood, offering tobacco for traditions, salmon-flies for songs, and laying every schuss, guide, and old wife he meets under contribution. Thelemarken ought to be favourable ground for this pursuit. From its inaccessibility, it has undergone less change, and preserved more of the old Norse manners and language than any other part of Norway. There the power of the Tuss and the Troll is undisputed; the axe is placed over the cattle-shed, and the sledges reared against the wall at Yule-tide, and the spae-wives measure children as a charm against the Nisser. The old Scandinavian proverbs have not been yet withdrawn from circulation there; nor will the conservatism of the country allow the ancient but not over-respectable custom of bundling to be discontinued. As may be supposed, there is a strong resemblance between the dialect, customs, and superstitions of this district and those of our own country, especially the northern part of it. The Houge-folk or hill-folk of Thelemarken are evidently of the same stock as our fairies, as far as character goes, though they claim a higher pedigree. There is a Danish legend on this point, which says that Eve was one day washing

* *The Oxonian in Thelemarken; or, Notes of Travel in South-Western Norway.* By the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

her children at a spring, when the Almighty called to her. Alarmed, she put aside those she had not yet washed, and when God asked her whether all her children were there, she replied "Yes." Whereupon he said, "What thou hast tried to hide from God shall be hidden from men," and immediately the unwashed children disappeared, and from them in time sprung the hill-folk. A Norwegian story which Mr. Metcalfe heard in Saetersdal gives a somewhat different account of their origin, which, as coming from one of themselves, may be perhaps more reliable. There was once a man in the neighbourhood who was on such good terms with a Tuss, and derived so much benefit in the way of rich crops from the acquaintance, that all the exhortations of his priest could not induce him to break off the disreputable connexion :-

The man spoke with such apparent earnestness and conviction, that the priest was seized with a desire to see the Tuss. "That you shall, and welcome," said the man, "I don't anticipate any difficulty. I've lent him two rolls of chew-tobacco, and he will be sure to return them before long. No Christian can be more punctual than he is in matters of business." The little gentleman put in an appearance soon after, and honestly repaid the tobacco, with thanks for the loan. "Bide a bit, my friend," said the farmer, "our parson wants to have a snak (chat) with you." "Impossible," he replied, "I've no time; but I've a brother that's a parson. He's just the man. I'll send him." The Tuss priest accordingly came and had a long dispute with the priest of this world about various passages in the Bible. The latter was but a poor scholar, so he was easily out-argued. At last they began to dispute about vor Freiser (our Redeemer). "Freiser," exclaimed the goblin priest, "I want no Freiser." "How so?" "I'm descended from Adam's first wife. When she brought forth the child from which our people trace their descent, Adam had not sinned." "First wife?" repeated the University man, "where do you find anything about first wife in the Five Books of Moses?" "Don't you remember," said the Tuss, "the Bible has it, 'This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.' So he must have been married before to somebody of a different nature." The other, who was not so well read in the Bible as he ought to be—so much of his time was taken up in farming and such like unsandalig (unspiritual) occupations—was not able to confute this argument.

The above is, we think, unparalleled in fairy lore. If it be a genuine legend, it is curious, as showing how thoroughly the supernatural is realized by the Norwegian mind. Our fairy-tales, though they attribute sometimes a good deal of humanity to the world they deal with, have never yet gone the length of putting a hobgoblin into holy orders. Mr. Metcalfe is no doubt right when he says that the physical features of the country have a great deal to do with the superstitions of Norway. Even here it is in the wild mountainous districts of Cornwall, Connemara, and the Border that the pixy, the fairy, and the brownie, for the most part have their habitat. But it is not always that the Tuss gets the better of the man. It is quite possible to discomfit him. For example—one Mads, a woodcutter, was at work in the forest one day, and had just got a wedge into a fallen tree, when he saw his old woman (as he supposed) come up with his dinner. She sat down, when he just spied a tail peeping out behind her, which she chanced to stick in the cleft he had made in the tree. Mads bade her wait a bit, and he would sit down and eat directly. In the meantime he contrived to remove the wedge, and the tail was fast. Immediately he uttered the name of Jesus; upon which the old woman jumped up and snapped off the end of her tail, and when he came to inspect his dinner he found it was nothing but some crowding in a bark basket.

Collectors of proverbs will find something new in these volumes. Norway is not remarkable as a poultry-producing country, and the folly of counting your chickens before they are hatched is not obvious there; so the popular advice is, "You must not sell the skin till you have shot the bear." Equally characteristic of the country is, "The poor man's house is his palace." But "Dust is still dust, although it rise to heaven," and "Another man's steed has always speed," are very likely importations. It is in matters such as these that the *Oronian in Thelmarken* will be chiefly found interesting. That it is not more so is to be attributed to the cause already assigned, and perhaps also to the fact that Mr. Metcalfe has not altogether acquired the skill necessary for the sport he has taken to instead of fishing and shooting. However, he is apparently sincerely enthusiastic, and may yet do good service to a branch of literature which is becoming more and more popular every day.

DR. LATHAM'S CELTIC PHILOLOGY.*

WE have seldom read a book with more disappointment than Dr. Latham's edition of Prichard's work on the *Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*, to which one of his publishers coolly asserts the Editor has added "all the results of recent philological researches." Considering the little that was known in 1831 of the earlier stages in the development of the Celtic tongues, this work was certainly a creditable production; and Prichard did service to philology by reviving Lluyd's doctrine respecting the origin of the person-endings from agglutinative pronouns, and by proving that it was possible to treat of Welsh and Irish without becoming temporarily insane. But within the last five years the publication of Zeuss's *Grammatica Celta* has rendered all prior works of the same class comparatively

* *The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations Proved by a Comparison of their Dialects with the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Teutonic Languages.* By James Cowles Prichard, M.D., F.R.S., &c.; Edited by R. G. Latham, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Houston and Wright, and Bernard Quaritch, 1857.

worthless; and the only mode in which the proprietors of a book like Prichard's could hope to retain it on the shelf of the scholar would be by having its blunders corrected, and its numerous deficiencies supplied, by some person thoroughly acquainted with Zeuss's noble work. For this service we should have thought Dr. Latham tolerably well qualified, for although in his books on the English language, his original speculations are frequently erroneous, his extracts from the *Deutsche Grammatik* are generally made with care and judgment. For anything, however, that appears in the annotations with which he has overloaded Prichard's work, he never has read a page of the body of the *Grammatica Celta*. He seems, indeed, to have fully carried out the ideas of one of his publishers, who, in some observations reported and approved by Dr. Latham, desired for editor "an investigator who was neither Kelt nor Sanskrit."

Whether or not Dr. Latham is "Sanskrit," we are unable to say positively, as he carefully avoids reference to that unimportant language. Well would it have been if he had acted as judiciously with regard to the Celtic dialects. So astounding are his blunders in this line that we could hardly have believed them really attributable to Dr. Latham, had we not recently perused a paper of his in which, referring to a wild story in the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, he actually proposes to connect the Irish word *gelt* (a kind of lunatic) with *Culdee*, the English corruption of *clie Dé* (companion of God). After this specimen of etymological daring we were scarcely surprised at his identifying with six or seven North American and Siberian vocables the Gaelic *duine* (homo)—he spells the word *duinhe*—(=*dáine*, originally *dháinias*, and probably, as Dr. Siegfried conjectures, connected with the Sansk. root *dhydi*, to think, meditate, whence the Zend *daéna*, faith—so *manu* homo is from *man*, to think.) Thus:-

The Lenni Lenape.—The Indians of Delaware called themselves thus—*lenni=man*. It is a term of great extent and importance. Change the *l* into *t*, and *lenni* becomes *tinne* [does it?], a word meaning man in all the Athabaskan tongues. . . . In the form *tenghie*, *tungaas* it appears in other languages, chiefly in Russian America and Oregon. Yet it does not stop here. It is found promiscuously in numerous tongues, southwards and inland.

Again, Dr. Prichard (no careless adopter of proper names) held that it was the *Eakimo inn*, in *inn-it=men*. It may be added that it is, word for word, the *aino* of the Kurilian Islands. It is also the *denka*, *tonghus*, &c., of more than one Siberian tongue, and—as Sir John Richardson had, with proper diffidence (not noticing the intermediate forms), suggested—the *duinhe* of the Scotch Gaels. (p. 23.)

This is indeed pitiable; still the philological fatuity which Dr. Latham displays here and elsewhere will perhaps enable us to be resigned to his dictum on Bopp, p. 355—"Few scholars have looked less carefully at the principles of philological classification." But we have other flowers to pull. The name of the Gaulish tribe *Veragri* means pugnaces, bellicosi, and is, as Glück has shown, compounded of the Gaulish intensive particle *ver* (Old Welsh *guer*—now *gwer*—*gor*—) and *ager*, Irish *dr*, Welsh *aer* *cædes*, *pugna*. Dr. Latham, however, p. 84, says that it "may be a Keltic name = the men (*fear*, *gwr*) of Mons Okria," on which we need only remark that he obviously takes *fear*, now *fear*, a man, for *fir*, anciently *viri*, *men*. Again speaking, p. 102, of the *Tectosages*, as he calls the *Tectosagi*, the latter part of whose name Zeuss explains by reference to the Latin *sagum*, Irish *sdi*, Dr. Latham observes:—"It is probable that the termination *ag* is non-radical, being the *ey* in such words as *Briton-eg* and *Saeson-ey*, &c., *Briton-s* and *Saxon-s*." Hereon we remark that "*Brithoneg*" (if the word exist out of Pughe's Dictionary) and "*Saesonaeq*"—he means "*Saesoneg*"—are not and never were plurals, but simply mean *lingua Britannica*, and *lingua Saxonica*—i.e., English. Again, at p. 69, he speaks of "the Keltic plurals being formed by the addition of *-at*"; the fact being that the Welsh endings *in-at*, *ed*, *ot*, *ieit*, *eit*—the Cornish in *et*, as (from *-at*), and *-it*—the Breton in *-et*, to which alone Dr. Latham can allude, are really, as Ebel has shown, nothing but determinative suffixes, to which, as in the case of the modern High German *-er* in *eier*, Anglo-Saxon *egru*, *eggs*, real flexional endings were originally appended. After these specimens, we shall hardly be surprised at his proposal, p. 131, to consider the Latin "*aborigines*" as a compound of *aber* (anciently *aper* = *adaber*, and signifying *ostium fluvii*, like the Gaelic *inber*) and *ygyn*, or *ygwyn*, monstrous vocables for which, although his own creation, this etymological Frankenstein does not attempt to account. But we confess we were astonished at the ingenuity which enabled Dr. Latham to commit three blunders in the following two lines. He is speaking of the Picts, whom, by the way, he calls *Cruithneach*, i.e., a Pict, instead of *Cruithneig*, Picts. "Were they Scandinavians? If so, Llochlin was what the Irish would call them, Llochlin or Tuath-da-Danaim (i.e., Danes)." Now, first, for "Tuath-da-Danaim," the learned Doctor should have said *Tuatha déa Danann*, which does not mean Danes, but the "peoples of Danann's gods," a mythical tribe said to have invaded Ireland about 700 years before Christ, and to have derived their name from *Danann's sons*, who, according to Dr. Todd (*Irish Nennius*, 46), were so famous for their sorceries and necromantic power, as to have been therefore called her gods. Next, the double *t* at the beginning of Dr. Latham's *Llochlin* is an impossibility in Irish; *Lochland* is the nearest thing to it. Thirdly, *Lochland*, gen. *Lochlaine*, means Scandinavia or Norway, and not Scandinavians, which would be *Lochlandaig*. Dr. Latham may find the dative of *Lochland* in the following quatrain, discovered by Zeuss in the St. Gall

Priscian, and printed, somewhat incorrectly, in the *Grammatica Celta*, p. 928:—

Isacher ingāth innocht.
Fufusna fairgge findolt.
Ní agor* reimm mora minn
Dondlaechraid lann os Lochlind.

Which we thus translate for him:—

Bitter in sooth is the wind to-night,
Rousing the wrath of the white-haired sea:
But smooth-sea-sailing is no delight
To Norway's heroes fierce and free.

With regard to the derivation of the Irish word *Cruithnig*—*Cruthini*, *Cruithnii*, in *Adamnán's Life of Columba*—Dr. Latham, at pp. 157, 158, offers an ingenious conjecture, which, however, turns out to be due to Professor Graves, that the word is derived (through the ordinary change of p into c, cf. *case* from *pascha*, *sechtn* from *saptan*, &c.) from *Prutheni*, and that the Picts were, therefore, *Prussians*. But why go so far away as *Prussia* for an etymon? Why not, as a learned friend suggests, deduce the word from *Prydein*, *Britain*? Because in *Prydein* the *tenuis* p, which alone could be represented by the Irish c, is so much later than the medial b in *Britannia*, *Britannus*, *Brito*, which are all connected with *brith*, *variegatus*. But indeed a simpler explanation of this much-enduring word is obtained by referring to the obsolete adjective *cruth*, which Cormac explains *cach croda* & *cach iderg*, every one *brave* and everything *red*. As to the derivation of the other Celtic ethnomical names, little can be added with certainty to what Herr Glück has already said in his *Keltische Namen*. Zeuss thinks it hardly doubtful that *Galatae* is derived from the root *gal*, and means *viri pugnaces, armati*, the t in *Galatae* and *Γαλάτος*—a man's name in *Polybius*—being certainly derivative, and not a sign of the plural, as Dr. Latham, p. 69, seems to think. Zeuss conjectures that *Belgae* may be interpreted by means of the Welsh *bela* (*bellare*), from which he supposes a g may have dropped. No trace, however, of this g is visible in the old Celtic names *Bellatullus*, *Belatucadrus*, *Belatumara*, which are all derived from *bel*, *war*. As to *Gallus*, we are inclined to consider that the Irish word *gall*, stranger, foreigner, exactly represents the original etymon. *Germanus* Zeuss connects with the Welsh *ger* (*vicus*); Grimm's derivation from the Welsh *garm* (*clamor*), a base in n, is certainly untenable. With regard to *Kelt*, there is much more difficulty. We have, however, met with two words in Cormac's *Glossary*, either of which would suggest a plausible derivation. The first is the word *celt* (pronounced *kelt*), which Cormac explains by the Latin *vestis*, and which seems to be the same word as the modern *kilt*. The other is *celta* *catha*, i. e., *celta* of battle, a phrase which Cormac, v. *Gair*, explains by the single word *gai*, spears. As, however, he goes on to say that *dicheltair* is the "wood of a spear without iron on it," we may assume *celta* to mean spear-heads. *Scot*, Zeuss compares with the Welsh *ysgeth*, *hasta*, and *gwyth*, *ictus*. As to *Gaedil* (the modern *Gael*), he would connect it with *gaid*, *gaith*, the wind, and conjectures its meaning to be *inquieti, impetuosi*. To us, however, it seems more likely to be derived from the old verbal root *gaeth*, wound (*gaethas* i. *gonas*, who wounds, Corm. v. *Galgal*).

To return to Dr. Latham and his Celtic speculations. It is generally supposed that the numerals are about the most ancient words in a language, and that one so copious and highly organized as the glosses printed by Zeuss prove the ancient Irish to have been, would hardly have been less able to express the simple ideas of number than to comment on the writings of grammarians and theologians. However, Dr. Latham must be original, and so we are asked—

What is the evidence that the Irish numerals are not of Latin origin? None. Opinion is decided against their being so; but who has ever recognised the alternative? In my own mind, I think it highly probable that the words in question may be no older than the time of St. Columba. (p. 126.)

Now, unless Dr. Latham believes that the Irish at the time of Columba became acquainted with Sanskrit and Zend, he will find some difficulty in accounting for the existence in ancient Gaelic of such forms as the feminines of the numerals 3 and 4, *teoir* (= *tisari*) and *cethera* = *catisaras*, cf. the Sanskrit *tiras* and *chatras*: as the numeral substantive *mórfeser* 7 persons, literally, great-six-persons, where the unaspiref f is to be compared with the sv in the Zend *casv*, Welsh *chrech*, but Latin *sex*. And compare the form *sechtn* with the Skr. *saptan*, but Latin *septem*, where the m, according to Bopp, is introduced from the ordinal, *sed quaere*; *ochtm-ad* (eighth) *ochtn-8*, with Skr. *ashtau*, but Latin *octo*, Gr. *óktō*, all which forms may, as an eminent Sanskritist suggests, be regarded as arising from a primitive *aktam* = *katam*, dual of *kat* 4. Observable, also, are the non-Latin forms for the first three ordinals, *céline*, *tanise*, *trius*, and the curious suffix in *benmad* and *cethramad*, which, when compared with the Welsh *unfed*, may perhaps be regarded as = *mata*, a transposition of the elements in the Skr. superlative suffix *-tama*, in *vinsatitamas* (twentieth), &c. The foregoing observations will, we think, answer Dr. Latham's question, p. 359. "What is the evidence that the Gaelic numerals are older than the introduction of Christianity into Ireland?"

* The literal version of this quatrain is: Bitter is the wind to-night; the white-haired sea hath become enraged. I fear not a passage of a smooth sea by the fierce heroes from Lochlind.

It is hardly necessary to say that Prichard's mistakes are uncorrected by Dr. Latham. For instance, the rash assertion of the former that "Celtic verbs do not display any traces of the preterite by reduplication" is passed unnoticed, although at p. 375 Zeuss gives four instances, to which we can add *bebais*, (oblit. root *ba*), *fufusna* (*turbatus, irritatus est*), *robbu* (*fuit*) = a Sansk. *prabhabhava*, and *rochachain* (*ecceinit*). Not only did reduplication exist in Celtic, but an augment probably occurs in the Gaulish inscription discovered at *Varson*, in Provence, and now in the *Avignon* Museum: ΣΕΓΟΜΑΡΟΣ ΟΤΙΔΟΝΕΟΣ ΤΟΥΤΤΙΟΤΣ ΝΑΜΑΤΣΑΤΙΣ ΕΙΩΡΟΤ ΒΗΛΗΣΑΜΙ ΣΩΣΙΝ ΝΕΜΗΤΟΝ, which Dr. Siegfried, from whom Celtic philology has much to hope, translated thus at the recent meeting of the British Association:—*Segomarois Villoneos civis Nemauseus fecit [inaurabat?]* *Bele-samae hoc fanum*. Again, Prichard's statement that the Celtic "has no declension of pronouns" remains uncontradicted, although besides the Welsh forms mentioned by Zeuss, p. 378, we find the Irish personal and possessive pronouns displaying in their absolute, infix, and suffixed forms, a crowd of declensional phenomena which it will take at least two generations of German philologists to explain. And so Prichard's blunder, p. 195, as to the date of the discovery of the Arvalian litany, A.D. 218, when it was probably engraved, instead of A.D. 1777, when it was found, remains uncorrected by our "investigator in general ethnology and philology."

But, besides Prichard's own errors, this edition of his book is deformed by misprints like *nasal*, p. 368, for *nasal*, and "Cambrics intermixt *laters*," p. 374, for *latinis*, as well as by the uncritical observations and vocabularies of Messrs. Garnett, Francis Newman, and Davies, which, without the slightest attempt at correction, Dr. Latham huddles wholesale into his volume. We find, accordingly, Mr. Garnett's blunder (p. 366), in comparing the last syllable of *brithemnas*, judgment (from *brithem*, judge, a base in n), with the English -ness, -as not -nas being the termination; the same gentleman's identification of the Welsh *teyrn* dominus [anciently *tigern*] with the Armenian ter. Here, too, we find again Mr. Newman's proposals—the absurdity of which Dr. Donaldson has well exposed—to connect the Latin *caterva* with the Welsh *cad torva*, and to derive *tripodium* from the Gaelic *tir* (terra) and *put*, which he says means to push, and augur, probably connected with *εὖχος*, from *auca*, "a bird (in Gaulish), and *cur*, care (in Welsh)." Here, too, is Dr. Davies' comparison (p. 262) of the Gaelic *eun*, bird (anciently *én*, *ethn*, Welsh *etin*), with the Anglo-Saxon *hana*, cook, which is really connected with the Irish root *can*, sing, repeat, Skr. *cans*, Lat. *canere*, Welsh *canu*.

If Prichard's *comissa* have not been corrected, we may well suppose that his *omissa* are left unsupplied. Nothing, accordingly, is said of the existence of the neuter gender and dual number in ancient Gaelic, nothing of the dative dual in -bn—nothing of the interesting series of Irish declensions, on which, by the way, Hermann Ebel has recently written an admirable essay in Kuhn and Schleicher's *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung*, which for ever disposes of Dr. Latham's nonsense (*Varieties of Man*, p. 529) about the separation of the Celts from their Aryan brethren "anterior to the evolution of the cases of nouns." Nothing, moreover, is said of the terminations of the Irish comparatives in -ther, Skr. -tara, Gr. *τερός*, and in -iu, -u, Skr. -iyas, strong form *tyās*, Gr. -iov, Old Latin -ios, ius—nothing of the series of numeral substantives, one of which, *trēde*, three things, so strikingly agrees in form and gender with the Skr. *tritaya*. So, too, Dr. Latham passes by the curious and sometimes instructive forms of the Old Irish verb, amongst which we may refer to the termination of the 1st pers. plur. pres. indic. act. in *mai*, -mit, which Bopp erroneously compares with the Zend -maidh, Greek -μέθα, and Skr. -māhē; and to that of the form *filus* (they are)—cf. the -anz of the Cornish *guelanz* (they see)—which certainly seems comparable with the -us of the Senek. potential *Parasmai*, and two of the preterites, as well as with the Greek -οντο. Observable, too, are the -as, -us of the 1st pers. sing. pret. act. in Irish (1st and 2nd series), which, in Zeuss's opinion, explain the Slavonic terminations of that tense in -ach, -achom, &c., but which, on the contrary, must, we think, have arisen from the aspirated guttural in -achu = *akamī*? and be compared with Gfeek preterites like *πέψυ-κα*. Let us here suggest that the strange termination in the *Mabinogion* for the 1st fut. act. 2nd. pers. sing. after liquids, viz., -yeh, may be more easily accounted for by reference to an earlier *ys* for *fys* = Lat. -bis than by supposing with Zeuss that it arose from *fwy*, *fy* inverted. And before we leave the verbs let us set down, for the first time, the mutilated but valuable Old Irish indicative forms of the root *as*, of which Prichard only gives is:

Sing.—1. *am*, Skr. *asmi*, our *am*. Welsh *wyf*. Corn. and Bret. *off*.
2. *at* = Skr. *as + tā* (= *twam*) our *art*.
3. *as, is, it* (relative forms *as, at*) Skr. *asti*. our *is*.
Plur.—1. *ammin*. Skr. *smas* (= *asmasmi*) *īṣā*. Lith. *esme*. W. *ym*.
2. *ad?* Skr. *stha* (= *astha*) *īṣā*.
3. *it* (= *anti, asanti*) Skr. *santi*, *īṣā*. W. *yt*.

The *su* in the forms *masu* (*si est*), *cesu*, *ciasu* (*quamvis sit*), may perhaps be compared with the Sanskr. *syāt*, Lat. *sit*, A.S. *sy*. These and many more such observations carry out Prichard's argument, and would have been supplied by a competent editor. Instead of this, we find Dr. Latham filling his pages with the valuable

vocabularies to which we have alluded, with long extracts from that rare book, Caesar's *De Bello Gallico*, with the interesting gibberish called "the Gaelic version" of the Punic passage in Plautus, and with practical and sensible observations like the following:—

Of all possible literary forgeries, few have struck me as being more practicable than that of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians in the native language. It might so easily be found in some Armenian monastery; it might so easily be made up out of a Welsh and Irish Testament; it would so readily find defenders in the more Celtic parts of the earth—that we are fortunate in never having had our credulity tested by some unscrupulous and ingenious machinator. If the whole epistles were too much, glosses on some Greek, Persian, or Armenian copy of it would be practicable; for which the existing interlineation of more than one MS. of the tenth century would be useful.

We have escaped, however, the fraud; and this is written to insure, as much as possible, our escape for the future. (p. 110.)

It would be wrong to leave the reader's mind under the impression that there is nothing better than this in Dr. Latham's annotations. On the contrary, they comprise two essays which we have read with much interest. The first, on the American languages, is by Dr. Daee, of Christiania—the second, on the personal terminations of verbs, is by the late Mr. Garnett.

A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE.*

IT is Mr. Walter White's custom, apparently, to spend part of every summer in a walking tour, and to publish an account of it afterwards. This is certainly the third volume of the kind which he has published within the last two or three years. One of its predecessors celebrated Cornwall—a second, the Tyrol—and the present work is devoted to the commemoration of an excursion in Yorkshire. We are glad that Mr. White has returned to his native country, not only because it is far less well known to Englishmen than most of the great playgrounds of Europe, but also because a man who travels at home has opportunities of studying the pursuits, character, and condition of the population, which are not to be had in foreign countries. It is, moreover, not an inconsiderable comfort that Mr. White does not exact too much from us. He travels in a quiet way through districts where authors need hope and readers need fear no adventures whatever. Glaciers and precipices, rarefied air and awful paths, where "a single false step would," &c. &c., happily are not to be found in Cornwall or Yorkshire. It is with a feeling of gratitude that we record the fact that Mr. White walked on an average only twelve or fourteen miles a day, and that he never attained to thirty miles. His book consists of a straightforward pleasant account of the places that he saw and the people that he met with; and though he has nothing very strange or new to tell, there is an easy, gentle, and continuous interest about it which carries on the reader very pleasantly from beginning to end. We are, however, bound to say that the book is open to criticism in two or three respects. Three hundred and eighty-one pages are surely rather more than space enough to record the small incidents of a month's excursion, and there is perceptible at many points an under-current of vanity which, though harmless enough, would be better away. It is not altogether desirable to publish in one book the compliments which a stranger paid to another publication from the same pen, or to record the fact that a chance companion insisted on paying for a glass of ale for the author, and expressed his willingness to do twice as much for the pleasure of hearing him talk. These, however, are easily curable faults. With a good deal of compression and a little self-command, Mr. White might write a curious and valuable book of travels in England. He has one odd qualification for such an undertaking. We know not what his profession may be, but he has an acquaintance with ancient records which appears to us to be the result of something more than antiquarian whim, and which enables him to give some curious information to his readers about various places which he has occasion to mention.

Mr. White's route in his travels lay along the coast from Hull to Whitby. Thence he turned inland by the North Riding moors, and crossed the county till he reached Brough, in Westmoreland. From Brough he passed down the West Riding to Skipton, and after visiting Wharfdale and other parts in that neighbourhood, made his way to York. His course from this point depended on railways, and his tour concluded, unromantically enough, with an inspection of several of the great manufacturing towns. The whole flow of the story is so equable, and so little varied by anything at all approaching to incident, that it is rather hard to pick out anything which illustrates its general tone. Mr. White keeps throughout an eye on the condition of the population, and he seems to have found them particularly comfortable and contented for the most part. They usually earned either fifteen shillings a week, or nine shillings and their food, and they preferred Yorkshire to emigration. The cliffs at Flamborough Head and at Scarborough, and the geology of Whitby, appeared as remarkable to Mr. White as they do to most people; but he succeeded in finding out one or two features not quite so familiar to the world at large. There are many Methodists near Whitby, and their hymns must be curious, to judge from the specimens given by Mr.

White. Here, for instance, is an account of the "Railway to Heaven," written in perfect good faith:—

Of truth divine the rails are made,
And on the Rock of Ages laid;
The rails are fixed in chairs of love,
Firm as the throne of God above.

About a hundred years or so
Wesley and others said they'd go,
A carriage Mercy did provide,
That Wesley and his friends might ride.

Whitby, it appears, is a great place for fossils, and especially for ammonites, which abound in the neighbourhood, and which, according to a local tradition, are the remains of snakes turned miraculously into stone by St. Hilda. Jet also comes principally from this neighbourhood. It is dug out of the cliffs by men who give themselves up to that gambling mode of life, and is worked up into ornaments in the town. It may be cut with a knife, being of about the same consistency with hardened pitch. Its nature and origin are unknown. The jet-diggers are Californians on a small scale. Mr. White saw a party of men at work who had found nothing in eleven weeks. Sometimes a single day's work will repay them for an expenditure of six months' labour. Mr. White goes on in his quiet but rather prosy way from Whitby to Stockton, and finally to Darlington. There were alum-works and various other matters on the road, which are just worth reading about if the reader has nothing better to do, but there is only one incident in the book which seems to us much worth remembering. Falling in with a set of miners, Mr. White took occasion to suggest to them that, if a man spent all his earnings, it mattered little whether they were large or small, whereupon he received, to his and our great satisfaction, the following intensely English retort—"Look here, lad, I'd rather 'arn fifty shillings a week and fling 'em right off into that pond there, than 'arn fifteen to keep." With all its improvidence, there is something eminently bold and vigorous in the sentiment that the work, and not the wages, is the important feature in a man's life.

Mr. White's interstitial journeys by railroad make his course a little complicated, but after some deviations he got into that outlying and little-known region where the three counties of York, Durham, and Westmoreland meet. The great mass of the tourists who go to the North of England go to the Lakes, but to the east of that region there lies a district which ought to have far greater attractions for them if they were in search of mere wildness and strangeness, and not of points of view. The North and West Riding moors are, perhaps, the very most desolate part of England. Swaledale, Wensleydale, and Wharfdale are bordered by huge round-shouldered hills, rising occasionally to a height of something more than 2000 feet, and presenting vast expanses of moor and rock, interspersed with strange caves and holes, with such uncouth names as Gingle Pot, Douk Pot, Hurtle Pot, and the like. It is in the midst of this country that the scene of Southey's *Doctor* is laid; and we agree with Mr. White in the opinion that no word-painting can be more absolutely perfect than the picture drawn by that great master of style of Ingleborough and its neighbourhood. We must, however, observe that a very few pages exhaust the subject, and that it is possible to describe in half-a-dozen sentences the essential features of a district in exploring which weeks may be delightfully passed. From this region Mr. White descended to the great towns, inspecting Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Barnsley, and some other places. The best passage in this part of the book is an account of the manufacture of shoddy at Bradford. Rags and old clothes of all sorts are bought up from all quarters of the world, Antwerp being the principal place of export for the north of Europe. They are torn up by cylinders with blunt teeth, and then retwisted into fibres suitable for weaving, which are ultimately made into cloth and so into coats. It is said that the nastiest sort of rags are used for this purpose. Old worsted stockings are rather a superior article, but there is an uncontradicted rumour that the "begrimed cotton wads with which stokers and engine tenders wipe their machinery" are occasionally used. The best quality of cloth thus made is worth 10s. a yard, the worst 1s. The use of this pleasing product is so universal in the district that a quaker who once appeared clad in Gloucestershire broadcloth was surrounded, and his coat was felt by the admiring workmen. "Hey, look at that, now! There's a bit of real cloth. We never saw the like before." What would Mr. Carlyle say to this?

If Mr. White wishes to bring out a pleasant, amusing book every year, to be forgotten when the year is past, he is entirely in the right path; but if he wishes for anything more permanent he ought to remember the Sibyl. His present publication is exactly like draught bitter beer—pleasant, refreshing, and wholesome, but rather small.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

* *A Month in Yorkshire.* By Walter White, Author of "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End." London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Under the Management of MR. CHARLES KEAN.

MONDAY, and DURING THE WEEK, will be presented Shakspeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, by Mr. C. KEAN; Portia, by Mrs. C. KEAN. Proceeded by the new Farce (in One Act), entitled, DYING FOR LOVE.

COMPANION TO A LADY.—A WIDOW LADY, aged 34, is desirous of procuring an ENGAGEMENT AS COMPANION TO A LADY. LADY MILDRED BEEFORD HORN (Arkwright House, Connaught-place) is willing to speak to her capacities for the position, by manners, education, and good principles.

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LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—BOARDERS are RECEIVED by the Rev. E. ST. JOHN PARRY, M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford, Head Master, IN HIS OWN HOUSE, with the supervision of Resident Tutors. The ensuing Half-Year will commence on the 14th August.—Applications respecting Terms to be made to the Head Master, or to the Secretary of the College.

Leamington, 20th July, 1858.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TENBURY, WORCESTERSHIRE.—ONE CHORISTER and TWO PROBATIONERS are REQUIRED. The Chorister will receive his Board, Lodging, and Education, Free. The Probationers will be required to pay at the rate of £30 per Annum till vacancies occur on the foundation, when, if sufficiently skilled in music, they will be elected Choristers. Candidates for the above will be required to attend at ELGERT'S Organ Manufactory, 36a, St. Martin's-lane, on Tuesday, the 17th August, at 12 o'clock. There are a few vacancies for Boarders.—Terms, £100 a year, paid half-yearly in advance.

For further particulars apply to the Rev. C. S. HEARTLEY, Head Master, residing *pro tem.* at 18, Military Knights College, Windsor.

LONDON DIOCESAN PENITENTIARY.—THE COUNCIL have issued an APPEAL FOR FUNDS, which are much needed on behalf of their first House, St. Mary Magdalene, Highgate.

I beg to command the Appeal for the London Diocesan Penitentiary to the sympathy of the Clergy and Laity. (Signed) "A. C. LONDON, Visitor."

Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by R. TWINING, Esq., Treasurer, 215, Strand; by the Rev. J. OLIVER, Warden of St. Mary Magdalene, Highgate; by the Rev. G. NUKE, Honorary Clerical Secretary; and by ALFRED TRAVON CRISPEK, Esq., Honorary Lay Secretary, at the Office, 78, Pall Mall, where Copies of the Appeal and Report for 1857-8 may be obtained.

NATIONAL CHARITY and NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION.—The Rev. JOHN HODGSON, M.A., late Vicar of St. Peter's, Thanet, earnestly requests those who are at the Sea, or who are about to leave London for the Sea-side, and human persons of all classes, to place themselves on his "LIMITED TO FIVE SHILLINGS LIST" set up for 5000 names, of which 2500 are filled up, to form an ANNUAL FUND for helping to defray the expenses of the ROYAL SEA-BATHING HOSPITAL at MARGATE, providing 250 Beds, Board, Baths, and Medical Advice for the Scrofulous Poor of the Metropolis and all England.

Annual Subscriptions of FIVE SHILLINGS or LESS to be sent in Post-office Orders or Postage Stamps, or an order upon a Banker, to the Rev. John Hodgson, Hon. Sec. of R.S.B.I., 3, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. Remittances will be acknowledged.

Patronesses of the Rev. J. Hodgson's Five Shilling List.
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The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th. THE PREPARATORY CLASS for pupils under thirteen, will OPEN on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th.

Pupils are received as Boarders within the walls of the College by Mrs. WILLIAMS, under the sanction of the Council and Committee.

Prospectus, containing full Particulars as to Classes, Fees, Scholarships, and Examinations, may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

The Annual Report of the Council and Committee of Education is printed, and may be had on application.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

LADIES' COLLEGE, 47, BEDFORD SQUARE.—The CLASSES will BEGIN for the SESSION 1858-1859 on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14th.

PROFESSORS:

T. SPENCER BAYNES, Esq., LL.B.—English Language and Literature—Modern History.

F. S. CARY, Esq.—Drawing.

RICHARD CULL, Esq., F.S.A.—Reading Aloud.

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For Pupils taking the Course of Study, £18 18s. a year, or £7 7s. a term. Entrance Fee, £1 1s.

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For Pupils attending one Class only, £2 2s. a term for Classes meeting twice a week, and £1 11s. 6d. for those meeting once.

The SCHOOL for JUNIOR PUPILS will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, September 30th. The fees are £5 5s. a term for Pupils under, and £6 6s. for those above, Fourteen. Prospectus may be had on application at the College.

JANE MARTINEAU, Hon. Sec.

THE FUNDS recently contributed to the BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION are gratefully acknowledged. More are still required, that the Wards now vacant may be opened before the Winter.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

July, 1858.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, On AUGUST 31st, SEPTEMBER 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1858.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

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OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY MORNING.

ELIJAH MENDELSSOHN.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

ELI COSTA.

MESSIAH HANDEL.

THURSDAY MORNING.

JUDITH HENRY LESLIE.

LAUDA SION MENDELSSOHN.

SERVICE IN C BEETHOVEN.

TUESDAY EVENING—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

COMPRISED

OVERTURE (Siege of Corinthe) ROSSINI.

ACIS and GALATEA (With additional Accompaniment) HANDEL.

by Costa WEDDE.

OVERTURE (Der Freischütz) WEBER.

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.

OVERTURE (Fra Diavolo) AUBER.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

COMPRISED

SYMPHONY (Jupiter) MOZART.

CANTATA (To the Sons of Art) MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE (Guillaume Tell) ROSSINI.

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.

OVERTURE (Zampa) HEROLD.

THURSDAY EVENING—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

COMPRISED

THE SCOTCH SYMPHONY (In A Minor) MENDELSSOHN.

SERENATA (Composed for the occasion of the Marriage of the Princess Royal) COSTA.

OVERTURE (Alchymist) SPONE.

SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.

OVERTURE (Euryanthe) WEBER.

FRIDAY EVENING—A FULL DRESS BALL.

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August 7, 1858.]

The Saturday Review.

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LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £1,250,000. PAID-UP CAPITAL, £500,000.

RESERVED FUND, £105,000.

HEAD OFFICE, 21, LOMBARD STREET.

Directors.

PHILIP PATON BLYTH, Esq.
JOHN WILLIAM BURMESTER, Esq.
THOMAS TYRINGHAM BERNARD,
Esq., M.P.
WILLIAM CORY, Esq.
JAMES ANDREW DURHAM, Esq.
JOS. CHRISTIE, EWART, Esq., M.P.
General Manager—WILLIAM MCKEWA, Esq.

WILLIAM CHAMPION JONES, Esq.
JAMES LAMING, Esq.
JOHN DENNY LANCE, Esq.
WILLIAM LEWIS, Esq.
WILLIAM NICOL, Esq.
RICHARD SPRINGETT, Esq.

At the Half-yearly Meeting of Proprietors held on Thursday, the 5th August, 1858, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, the following Report for the Half-year ending the 30th June, 1858, was read by the Secretary.

WILLIAM NICOL, Esq., in the Chair.

REPO RT.

Your Directors have the satisfaction of laying before the Proprietors the usual Accounts and Balance Sheet, for the Six Months ending 30th June last.

These Accounts, which have been submitted to the Auditors, show a Gross Profit—after providing for bad and doubtful Debts—of £101,664 14s.; and, after payment of Current expenses at the Head Office, and at all the Branches, Interest to Customers, and Rebate of Interest on Current Bills—there remains a Net Profit of £29,000 6s. 6d., for the Half-year.

Your Directors have therefore declared the usual Dividend of 25 per cent. for the Six Months—free of Income-Tax—and have carried forward to Profit and Loss new Account, the sum of £2030 6s. 6d.

The Dividend will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on and after Monday, the 16th instant.

BALANCE SHEET

Of the London and County Banking Company, 30th June, 1858.		
Dr.		
To Capital paid up	£500,000	0 0
Reserve Fund	105,000	0 0
Customers' Balances, &c.	4,178,233	9 7
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account	£7,394 11 4	
Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	94,270	2 8
	£101,664 14 0	
	£1,884,948	3 7
Cr.		
By Cash on hand at Head Office and Branches	£466,030	15 7
Cash placed at Call and at short notice	1,056,046	1 2
	£1,522,076	16 9
Investments, viz.		
Government and guaranteed Stocks	£276,803	10 1
Other Stocks and Securities	223,836	11 5
	505,640	1 6
Discounted Bills, Notes, and temporary advances to Customers in Town and Country	£3,451,902	0 8
Advances to Customers on Special Securities	278,576	14 4
	2,729,578	15 0
Freehold Premises in Lombard-street and Nicholas-lane, Freehold and Leasehold Property at the Branches, with Fixtures and Fittings	50,866	3 10
Interest paid to Customers	24,290	11 5
Salaries and all other Expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income-Tax	43,186	15 1
	£1,884,948	3 7
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.		
Dr.		
To Interest paid to Customers	£24,290	11 5
Excess, as above	48,186	15 1
Interest on Bills not due, carried to Profit and Loss New Account	5,148	1 0
Dividend, of 25 per cent. for the Half-year	25,000	0 0
Balance carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account	4,030	6 6
	£101,664 14 0	
	£7,394 11 4	
	94,270	2 8
	£101,664 14 0	
Cr.		
By Balance brought forward from last Account		
Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts		

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing Balance Sheet, and compared the Items it comprises with the several Books and Vouchers relating thereto, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed) HENRY OVERTON, JOHN WRIGHT, Auditors.

London and County Bank, 30th July, 1858.

The foregoing Report having been read by the Secretary, the following Resolutions were proposed, and unanimously adopted:—

1. That the Report be received and adopted, and printed for the use of the Shareholders.

4. That the Thanks of this Meeting be given to the Board of Directors for the able manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the Company.

The Ballot for the Election of an Auditor having been proceeded with, the following Gentleman was unanimously elected:—FREDERICK HARRISON, Esq.

(Signed) WILLIAM NICOL, Chairman.

The Chairman having quitted the Chair, it was resolved, and carried unanimously—that the cordial Thanks of this Meeting be presented to WILLIAM NICOL, Esq., for his able and courteous conduct in the Chair.

(Signed) W. C. JONES.

Extracted from the Minutes.

(Signed) R. P. NICHOLS, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND on the CAPITAL STOCK of the COMPANY at the rate of FIVE PER CENT. for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1858, will be paid to the Proprietors, either at the Chief Office, 21, Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branch Banks, on and after Monday, 18th inst.

By Order of the Board.

W. MCKEWA, General Manager.

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BANK OF LONDON.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Chairman—Sir JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, Bart., M.P.
Vice-Chairman—JOHN GRIFFITH FRITH, Esq. (Frith, Sands, and Co.)
John Edmund Anderson, Esq.
Colonel William Elsey.
Thomas Gooch, Esq.
John Johnson, Esq.
Charles Joyce, Esq.

Manager—Matthew Marshall, Jun., Esq. Assistant-Manager—W. C. Boore, Esq.
Secretary—C. J. H. Allen, Esq.

At the THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on TUESDAY, the 3rd of August, 1858, the following Reports were read by the Secretary:

The Directors, in submitting the accounts to the 30th of June, 1858, have the satisfaction of reporting that the Bank has materially extended its business connexion since the last meeting of the proprietors, and that although commerce has been active, yet the operations of the Bank have been sound and profitable.

It will be seen that the sum of £24,631 18s. 2d. stands to credit of profit and loss account for the past half-year, after payment of interest to customers. Out of this sum have been defrayed current expenses at the two establishments, Directors' remuneration, and income-tax, which, together with bad and doubtful debts, amounts to £9674 2s. 11d. The Directors have placed to credit of profit and loss new account, £2292 13s. 1d. as rebate of interest on bills not matured. They now declare a dividend for the half-year, upon the paid up capital of the bank, at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum (free of Income-tax). From the balance remaining at disposal after these appropriations, the Directors have applied £1000 in reduction of preliminary expenses, and £200 towards the cost of the lease of premises at the Charing Cross Branch. They have also added the sum of £3320 2s. 2d. to the reserve or guarantee fund, which now amounts to £8000, and the balance, viz., £344 1s., they carry forward to profit and loss new account.

BANK OF LONDON.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, JUNE 30, 1858.

To Capital paid up	£300,000	0 0
Reserve Fund	24,631 18 8	
Half-year's interest, at 25 per cent.	91 15 2	
Amount due by the Bank on current, deposit, and other accounts	1,050,352	0 8
Amount carried to credit of "Profit and Loss" account	£33,365 16 10	
Less amount paid to customers for interest on their balances	8,763 18 8	
	24,031 18 2	

Cr.		
By investments, viz.:		
In Government securities	£107,307	7 6
Other securities	77,964	7 6
By Freehold premises in Threadneedle-street	155,361 15 0	
Bills discounted, loans, &c.	75,000	0 0
Cash in hand	976,735	11 10
Preliminary expenses	142,334	9 8
Lease, and buildings at Charing-cross Branch, furniture, &c.	6,617	6 5
	2,614	6 5
	£1,388,063	10 8

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE HALF-YEAR ENDING 30TH JUNE, 1858.		
To half a year's current expenses at Head-office and Charing-cross Branch, bad and doubtful debts, income-tax, Directors' remuneration, &c.	£9,074	2 11
Rebate of interest on bills discounted not yet due, carried to Profit and Loss New Account	2,202	13 1
Amount written off— Preliminary Expenses Account	£1,000	
Ditto ditto Charing-cross, lease and buildings, &c.	200	
Dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum, for the half-year ending June 30th, 1858	1,200	0 0
Amount carried to credit of Reserve Fund	7,500	0 0
Balance carried to Profit and Loss New Account	344	14 0
	£24,631	18 2
By balance of profit brought from last half-year	£202	17 3
Ditto for current half-year	23,529	1 0
	£24,631	18 2

(Signed) ROBERT PORTER, GEORGE THOMSON, HENRY ASTE, Auditors.

Examined and approved, July 23rd, 1858.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE BANK OF LONDON.

In the performance of our duties as your Auditors, we have made our usual investigation into the affairs of the Bank, and having examined the various accounts and securities, we report that we find them correct.

We have much pleasure in adding, that during the past year the Bank has made material progress in the most important branches of its business, particularly in the increase of current accounts. The amount on deposit account has somewhat diminished, owing to the low rate of interest which has prevailed for some months past.

We may add that every aid has been afforded us in our investigation by the officers of the Bank.

(Signed) ROBERT PORTER, GEORGE THOMSON, HENRY ASTE, Auditors.

London, July 23, 1858.

Resolved unanimously.—That the reports now read be received and printed, and a copy sent to each proprietor.

The Chairman announced the dividend would be payable on Monday, the 9th Inst.

Resolved unanimously.—That John Edmund Anderson, Esq., be re-elected a Director of this Bank.

That Alfred Luce, Esq., M.P., be re-elected a Director of this Bank.

That Robert Wilson, Esq., be re-elected a Director of this Bank.

That Henry Aste, Esq., George Thomson, Esq., and Richard Hartley, Esq., be elected Auditors of this Bank for the ensuing year.

That this meeting hereby authorizes the Directors to call future ordinary general meetings at any time between the 1st day of July and the 8th day of August as they may from time to time appoint.

That the best thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby given to Benjamin Scott, Esq., the late Secretary, for the energy he displayed while in the service of this Bank, and that they desire to convey to him their most sincere congratulations on his appointment as Chamberlain of the City of London.

Extracted from the Minutes.

Threadneedle-street, August 3, 1858. C. J. H. ALLEN, Secretary.

BANK OF LONDON.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are received, and if the balance shall not at any time during the half-year have been below £500, interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum will be allowed on the minimum monthly balances; if not below £200 interest at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum will be allowed on the minimum monthly balance.

MONEY IS RECEIVED from the public as well as from customers on deposit at seven days' notice of withdrawal at the market rate of the day. The present rate is £3 per cent. per annum.

CIRCULAR NOTES and LETTERS of CREDIT issued upon every place of importance in the world.

No gratuities to clerks or officers of the Bank.—By order.

Threadneedle-street, August, 1858. M. MARSHALL, Jun., Manager.

RE THE ESTATE OF THE LATE W. PICKERING, PUBLISHER,
177, PICCADILLY, A BANKRUPT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to Authors or others whose works still remain in the hands of the Assignees, that unless the same are removed, and any claim thereon paid within one month from this date, they will be sold by Auction to finally wind up the affairs of this Estate.

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